The Nation.

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The Week.

NOTHING in Mr. Choate's brilliant argument against the income tax was more cogent and instructive than the portion which related to the *stare decisis* rule. There has been nearly as much confusion in the popular mind about this as about the "Monroe doctrine." We were told, as soon as the constitutionality of the income tax came up, that inasmuch as the judges at the close of the last century had recognized only two taxes, namely, those on land and capitation taxes, as direct, the taxes on salaries and other sources of income were not direct; and by this rule we must stand, if necessary, for a thousand years. "Stare decisis," cried all the "scientific" taxers, and then closed their ears. The passage in Mr. Choate's argument which disposes of this is worth quoting:

"The reason of the rule is, that it is often better on public grounds, where a question of law has been decided—where it has been repeatedly decided—that the court should let it remain rather than, by the declaration of another though a better rule, dispense with it. Where is that chiefly applied? Where ought it chiefly to be applied? Where has it always been applied? When the former decision has grown into a rule of property, and vested rights in a trusting community, relying upon the past decision, have become fixed, where rules of conduct have come to be governed by it, as in the making of contracts and other arrangements between man and man and between citizens and corporations, I acknowledge that there may often be cases where less damage to the public, less injury upon the whole, arises from letting the bad rule stand. Everybody has acquiesced in the rule, everybody knows it to be the rule, everybody has acquired his property under the rule, and made his contracts under the rule. But what right or reason is there for its application to a constitutional provision respecting the power of Government in the matter of taxation? Let the learned Attorney-General point to one man in the United States, to one woman, to one child, who will be affected detrimentally, whose rights will be in the least impaired, by a correction of that former error here—if such error has ever been committed, and I do not believe it has been."

See the effect of letting human reason play around a thing. As soon as we ask how the *stare decisis* rule came by its sanctity, we see its exact value. But when somebody who has never examined the matter at all tells us that on no compulsion and for no purpose must we depart from what the court said about it one hundred years ago, then we get a glimpse of the great Chinese secret. The explanation of the Chinese immobility comes to us like a flash. The Chinese adopted *stare decisis* as the rule of their lives thousands of years ago, and we see the result.

The Republicans of this State show much natural anxiety over the discovery that the tax levy for this year is likely to be fully fifty per cent. higher than that for last year. The rate has been fixed at 3.24 as against 2.18 in 1894. This advance is made necessary by an increase of about four and a quarter millions in the State's expenditures, two millions of which are incurred by the transfer to the State of the care of the insane in New York city and Brooklyn. The remainder is due to the extravagance of the Legislature, growing out of desires for political patronage and jobs. The farmers of the State will not take kindly to an increase of 50 per cent. in their State taxes, and the rural members of the Legislature will have difficulty in reconciling them to it. It was tolerably safe for those members to refuse New York city the legislation which it demanded, for their constituents cared little about that, but raising taxes is quite a different matter. The consequence is, that the Republican party will go into the next campaign with the city and country both hostile to it because of the conduct of the Legislature; and if its managers think they are going to have an easy time carrying the State under those conditions, they will discover their mistake when election day arrives.

It is doubtful if the issue of business or politics in the management of municipal affairs was ever more clearly presented than it has been in the statement which Col. Waring made to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment on Saturday. He showed that, at the present rate of wages paid by him in the Street-Cleaning Department, the streets cannot be kept clean throughout the year without leaving a deficit of a half-million dollars, but that if the regular market rate were to be substituted, the streets could be kept clean without a deficit. If the rate were not reduced, it would be necessary to reduce the number of men. "In reducing the cost of labor," said Col. Waring, "we may either select a certain number of men who are now receiving $2.30 a day, turn them out and deprive them of all income, with their families to be provided for, or reduce the rate of wages paid to the whole force." If the wages were reduced, the streets could be kept clean; if the force were reduced, the streets could not be kept clean. As the Board of Estimate has no available funds which it can transfer to the Street-Cleaning Department to make up the half million necessary to prevent a deficit, it must face the problem directly of either reducing wages or letting the streets go dirty. When the problem was presented to it on Saturday, not a member of the board had the courage to say a word. Why? Because to propose to reduce wages would offend the labor organizations and alienate the labor vote. Yet if the Board of Estimate had been the directing body of any business establishment, it would have solved the problem at once by reducing wages.

Wages at present in the department for common day-labor are $2.30 a day, with extra pay for Sundays. The regular pay in the building and other trades for like labor is $1.25 a day. The Street-Cleaning Department rate was put up under Tammany management for the purpose of gaining votes. By the law of 1892 it was fixed at $600 a year, about $2 a day, and Mayor Gilroy and his associates were content with that as a demonstration to the laboring classes that Tammany was their friend. An amendment to the street-cleaning law was passed in 1894 which fixed maximum limits for all salaries paid in the department, and gave the Board of Estimate and Apportionment power to pay the sweepers any sum not exceeding $720 a year. Instead of either adhering to the $600 rate or reducing it, the Board fixed the rate at $720, or $2.30 a day, nearly double the market rate. This was Tammany's assessment upon the city, made in its desperate condition of last year, and designed to get the labor vote for Tammany at the city's expense.

Attention was recently called to the extraordinary action of the Portland (Me.) City Council in passing a measure establishing what was called the system of "toe-warming by rotation" in the Department of Public Works, the salient feature of which was a requirement that the Commissioner should discharge his entire force of employees every month and hire new men. The fact should be noted that Mayor Baxter has rescued the taxpayers from the mischief thus threatened. He vetoed the rule, on the ground that its adoption "would not only demoralize and disorganize the labor force, to the great injury of the laborers themselves, but would be equally injurious to the city's interests." The Mayor pointed out that no business corporation had ever made so absurd a rule for the employment of labor as this, and declared that there was "no reason why the city should adopt any but sound business principles in the employment of its laborers." These common-sense arguments had sufficient effect with the Council to prevent its overriding the Mayor's veto. An attempt was made to get around it by authorizing the committee on public works to register and employ laborers "under such rules as they may deem proper," in the expectation that they would adopt the "toe-warming" policy; but public sentiment has at last compelled the committee to follow the example of the Council and back down.

The action of Gov. Werts of New Jersey and five of the lay judges of the Court

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of Errors who sit with him in the Board of Pardons, in remitting the sentence of imprisonment of the Guttenberg race-track men, is an affront to public decency which, it is pleasant to say, is not often inflicted upon any State. The conviction of these men was secured with great difficulty, their guilt was undoubted, and their sentence was light. That Gov. Werts should have been coerced into leading the movement for their pardon in the face of such a protest as the Chancellor made against it, leaves no room to doubt that this gang of gamblers has a hold on him which he dares not defy. Only a few days have passed since the investigating committee at Trenton brought out facts showing that when Gov. Abbett and the lay judges pardoned the ballot-box stuffers of Jersey City, they did so under improper influences. Gov. Werts is too smart a man to follow in Abbett's footsteps so quickly if he were not an unwilling instrument. There is no doubt as to the effect of his course on party politics in New Jersey. If the Republicans nominate a man with a good record, like ex-Senator Griggs of Paterson, for Governor, the Democrats can probably name no one who can defeat him. They must openly condemn and discard all such leaders as Abbett, Werts, and the men who tried to steal the State Senate last year before they can hope to recover power in the State. The action of the Board of Pardons will still further attract attention to the character of the lay element in the Court of Errors and in this board, and will assist doubtless in securing the adoption of the pending constitutional amendment reorganizing both the court and the board.

The newer States of the West are naturally far more ready to break with the traditions and try experiments than the older commonwealths of the East. The Utah Constitutional Convention has put in the fundamental law framed for that incoming State a radical change in the jury system, by which eight is substituted for twelve as the number to be empanelled, and the agreement of three-fourths of the eight will be sufficient to constitute a verdict in civil cases. The trial of this experiment will be watched with interest. The last Legislature of California also authorized a new feature in jury trials—the empanelling of one or two extra jurors, at the discretion of the presiding judge, who shall hear the evidence like the regular jury, but take no other part in the proceedings except when death or illness removes one or two from the box, in which case one or both of the reserves may be substituted. This will prevent the not infrequent occurrence in protracted cases of a mistrial by reason of a break in the jury; and as the discretion allowed the judge will not require a recourse to the new system in the mass of petty cases, there seems to be no objection to the plan.

A correspondent sends us an article from the *American Economist* touching excessive importations of woollen goods under the new tariff, and asks us whether the figures there given are correct. We remember this paper very well, although it is a long time since we saw it or heard of it. It belongs to the dim and distant past, and its articles have much the same effect upon elderly readers as those on the bank controversy, slavery in the Territories, and the problem of reconstruction. The article in question tells us that "since the Gorman tariff went into effect we have been buying very liberally from foreign countries of woollen manufactured goods." It then gives comparative tables of imports for six months ending February 28, 1895, and 1894, showing that "the increased market for foreign woollens reached $9,680,694 in half a year." The dismal consequences of this are not enumerated, but are left to the reader's imagination. Wisely so, we think, because if we go back to the year ending June 30, 1892, we find that the imports of these goods were larger than they were in either of the years selected by the *American Economist*. We do not happen to have the half year's importations at hand. Whole years are better than half years for making averages. If we divide the year's importations by two in order to get a standard of comparison, we shall find that the importations of the six months ending February 28, 1892, compare with those of February 28, 1895, in the following manner—for the former, $17,832,046; for the latter, $17,383,292. The difference is not great, but it shows that under the McKinley tariff the importations of woollen goods were greater than under the present tariff. If a schedule of exportations of woollens were made up for the corresponding periods, they would probably show a contrary result—that is, larger exportations now than then. The New York *Times* publishes figures of textile imports for the year 1893 showing that the same comparison holds good for that McKinley year also.

The *Outlook* (religious) has a department of Notes and Queries in which it answers the questions of correspondents on various subjects. One of these, who signs the initials J. L. R., asks the question, "Is the pamphlet 'Coin's Financial School' reliable?" To which the *Outlook* replies: "The pamphlet 'Coin's Financial School' is reliable as to facts." This is rather severe on religion. The *Outlook* thus becomes responsible for the following among a multitude of other "facts" in the pamphlet referred to:

"Congress passed laws making all foreign silver coins legal-tender in this country."

"On account of the scarcity of silver, both Jefferson and Jackson recommended that dimes, quarters, and halves would serve the people better than dollars, until more silver bullion could be obtained. This was the reason why only about eight million of the one hundred and five million of silver were coined into dollars."

"As long as free coinage was enjoyed by both metals the commercial value of silver and gold never varied more than two per cent."

"Adam Smith informs us that in 1455 the price of wheat in England was two pence per bushel."

"A war with England would be the most popular ever waged on the face of the earth."

The last is a mere hypothesis, but we presume that the *Outlook* endorses that also, as it is not more wide of the mark than the four preceding citations. There are a few truths, and but a few, in the whole 155 pages of 'Coin's Financial School,' and these are employed to carry false impressions to the minds of uninformed readers, such as the *Outlook's* correspondent J. L. R.

The course of Presbyterian politics has been for some years as sinuous as that of the world that lieth in wickedness, but we doubt if ever before has the pious manœuvring for election of Moderator of the General Assembly been so clearly laid bare to the gaze of the ungodly as in the letter against Dr. Booth's candidacy, made public on Monday. Nominations have long been made on sectional grounds; and wicked reporters have often been in doubt, when listening to nominating speeches, whether they were in a religious or a political gathering. There is the same loud booming of a man as "the chosen representative of the great Northwest," or as "in touch with the heart of the people beyond the Rocky Mountains," or as "one whose long and unselfish services imperatively demand this honor." Nor, we presume, is Mr. Gilman's letter against Dr. Booth the only one of its kind in the history of intrigues for the moderatorship. But it must be unique in tone. Not a word in it refers to religion, or a superintending Providence, or the good of the Church. It is the frankest politician's letter, and makes one look instinctively for a P. S., "Burn this." The writer was sure that "an Eastern man" would be defeated, but thought that "a good square brother from the West or Northwest" might win. He enclosed a list of commissioners, with red marks set against those believed to be "brave and pushing men," and the reactionaries also checked. Would the veriest worldling of a wire-puller have written otherwise? For our part, we like this frankness. The customary infusion of cant about the Great Head of the Church and the Holy Ghost would have made the letter sickening. But surely we have got a long way from the days when ecclesiastical councils announced their decisions, "Nobis et Spiritui Sancto placuit." Those decisions, it is true, were often reached after just as much squabbling and wire-pulling as marks the election of a moderator. The old way was more dignified and sonorous, but the new is simpler and more straightforward. Mr. Gilman evidently believes, with Selden, that the Holy Ghost resides in "the odd man," and goes "hustling" after that odd man without any nonsense whatever.

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The rumors from Hawaii that the Government is falling to pieces, and that Thurston is going to head a movement to flop back to the monarchy, may have no truth in them, but there is no reason why they should not. Thurston and most of the others in the plot to seize the islands and sell them to the United States have every mark of the unprincipled adventurer about them, and would go in for the monarchy without winking if they saw a chance to get the places that some other fellows have won by pretending to be republicans to the core. Only half-a-dozen years ago Thurston was making speeches in the Hawaiian Legislature furiously defending the native monarchy and denouncing those who were plotting annexation. When that line ceased to pay, he fell desperately in love with a republic and annexation and the incidental perquisites. These now being suddenly cut off, nothing is more natural than that he should put on a fresh mask and wring the hearts of his Jingo friends in this country by suddenly discovering that a republic is impossible in Hawaii, and that the only hope is in making Kaiulani Queen with himself as her prime minister. The peculiar quality of the patriotism of these Hawaiian adventurers is now pretty well established. It was sufficiently defined by Jowett when some one asked him if logic was a science or an art. "It is neither," he replied; "it is a dodge."

The repeal of the famous Irish coercion act, over which there was such a fierce fight in Parliament during Lord Salisbury's ministry, has been carried to a second reading in the House of Commons by the now usual Government majority. It is not the ministry who have introduced it, but they have supported it, although they see no chance of its being carried in the Lords. Mr. Morley was able to justify it by statistics both of outrages and convictions, which showed that the state of Ireland is extraordinarily peaceful, and that juries do their duty with increasing alacrity. All parties, even Mr. Balfour and Mr. T. W. Russell, admitted that Ireland was now wonderfully peaceful, and Mr. Morley pointed out that he had never exercised any of the powers given him by the act. The chief argument used against the repeal was that the Irish were now lying low, and that as soon as the act was repealed the outrages would begin again. This is a very unfortunate argument, which has always been used to explain Irish peaceableness. Whenever the crime record has fallen extraordinarily low, it has always been said in England that it was due to coercion; and whenever the crime record was high, that it was for want of coercion. This may be true, but it is bad politics never to give a large community credit for good motives. Nothing more predisposes men to be bad than steadily refusing them any better reason for being good than fear. English abuse of the Irish has had a large part in maintaining the Anglophobia which makes the government of Ireland so difficult. It is extremely exasperating to the Irish, who are very human, and. Celtic to boot. "Soft sawder" is a very potent instrument of rule, a fact which our politicians have found out and do wonders with. Nevertheless we dare say there is a certain foundation for the fear of the opponents of the repeal. Doubtless much of the Irish tranquillity is due to the expectation that something will eventually be done by a friendly ministry towards home rule, but a good deal also by the land acts. The incoming of a ministry, however, which treated all the Irish leaders, priests included, as rascally adventurers, and the Catholics as all cowardly conspirators, would probably revive the old troubles.

Economy in governmental expenditures is the order of the day in France. Everybody is in favor of everybody else taking his hands out of the Treasury. The chairman of the Senate committee on finance made a touching plea for retrenchment, which his enthusiastic colleagues at once ordered printed and placarded in every commune of France. Then they turned to and voted more extravagant appropriations than ever. In particular did they vote for those little extensions of the state railways out into their own districts which every year, on the system of reciprocal courtesy, add millions to the prospective burdens of the taxpayers. This year they voted about $18,000,000 worth of new roads. Of course, they would not take this sum outright to build a railroad up to some little swallow's-nest of a village in the mountains. That would hardly do, just after laying their hands on their hearts as friends of economy. One kilometre or so a year is all they ask, the rest to come later. So modest are they in their beginnings that, according to the rate of progress provided for, it will take twenty years to finish one of their projected extensions, seventy years to complete another, and a hundred and forty years another. Truly art, in appropriation bills, is long. Meanwhile, that money as well as time is fleeting may be seen in a table of French receipts and expenditures from 1882 to 1893, just put out by the Ministry of Finance. Some years make a better showing than others, but, taking the period as a whole, there has been a steady progress towards insolvency, the excess of expenditures over receipts for the entire time being $103,000,000. This table, says the *Débats*, ought to be carved on the walls of the Chamber; but it adds, on sober second thought, "it is true that nobody would look at it."

A correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* calls attention to some recent legislation in Switzerland as indicating the dangers attending the policy of concession to the Socialists. Three measures of especial importance were enacted at the last session of the Federal Chambers—one for a Government monopoly of the match manufacture, another limiting the powers of stockholders in railroads and extending the control of Government, and a third establishing a Government bank. The first of these measures is in the line of the monopoly of alcoholic drinks, and follows an attempt to prohibit the manufacture of matches made with yellow phosphorus as injurious to the health of those engaged in it. The second law appears to be of no especial consequence, but the third is a serious matter. The Constitution of 1874 gave the Confederation control of bank issues, but prohibited state monopoly; in 1891 this restriction was removed by the efforts of the Socialists, and the state bank has now been ordained by the Chamber of Deputies, to be operated directly by the Government, like the Bank of Russia, and not merely supervised, as in the case of the Bank of France. The measure was strongly opposed, and has still to pass the second chamber, and doubtless the referendum will be demanded. But the idea that the Government can in this way "regulate the money market," as alleged by the Socialists, will have a great charm for the masses.

The resignation of Count Kálnoky, consequent on his clash with the Hungarian prime minister, Baron Banffy, illustrates the strictness with which the rules of official etiquette and diplomatic propriety are enforced in Europe. When such things occur there, somebody has to resign. No Pickwickian explanations will serve. Count Kálnoky could not be told that he must not mind Banffy's jocose ways, nor could the latter be appeased by being assured that the Count was only playing to the galleries. We have changed all that. A member of our cabinet may be rapped over the knuckles, as Foster was by Harrison, for example, and go on smilingly in office as if nothing had happened. Our chairman of the Senate committee on foreign affairs may declare war a dozen times a week, and the country will take it only as a side-splitting joke. It is much to the credit of European perspicacity that these playful ways of ours are perfectly understood abroad. European, especially English, density is a favorite theme for story and laughter with us; but, dense as the slow wits of Europe may be, they at least have mastered our standards of official propriety. If a Russian or Austrian or even a Spaniard or Turk in Morgan's position should bellow away at England as he does, Downing Street would be plunged into intense excitement; as it is, we see nothing but eyebrows languidly lifted, and hear only the bored remark: "What, that bull of Bashan escaped from his keepers again?"

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THE INCOME-TAX DECISION.

WHENEVER the politico-economical history of the past thirty years in America comes to be written, the cause and origin of the socialistic phenomena which have marked it will assuredly be found in the legal-tender decision of 1871. No man can read that decision to-day without being struck by the clearness and directness with which it suggests and authorizes all the dishonest schemes with which the intelligence and morality of the community have, during this period, had so hard a fight. Greenbackism and free-silverism, which have kept us in hot water, and threatened us with national bankruptcy and dishonor, during the last quarter of a century, are so plainly the result of opinions in those cases that no account of them would be complete which did not quote the judgment of the Supreme Court as delivered by Mr. Justice Strong:

"The legal-tender acts do not attempt to make paper a standard of value. We do not rest their validity upon the assertion that their emission is coinage or any regulation of the value of money; nor do we assert that Congress may make anything which has no value money. What we do assert is, that Congress has power to enact that the Government's promises to pay money shall be, for the time being, equivalent in value to the representative of value determined by the coinage acts, or to multiples thereof. It is hardly correct to speak of a standard of value. The Constitution does not speak of it. It contemplates a standard for that which has gravity or extension; but value is an ideal thing. The coinage acts fix its unit as a dollar; but the gold or silver thing we call a dollar is, in no sense, a standard of a dollar. It is a representative of it."

We cannot quote more largely from this judgment, which contains many startling passages of the same nature. It will probably answer our purpose better to reproduce the account given by the latest commentator on the Constitution, Mr. Hare of Philadelphia, of the state in which these legal-tender decisions have left the power of Congress over the currency and over contracts providing for a payment in "money." An agreement to pay in "money" means any kind of money Congress may choose to provide:

"The material words in every such case are those which fix the numerical amount of the debt, and, if this be tendered, the creditor cannot refuse to receive it on the ground that the metal of which the pieces are composed is different from that for which he stipulated; nor can a tender be objected to as insufficient because the currency has been debased since the debt was contracted, and the sum offered less in weight and values than would have been due but for the change. It results from these considerations that the power of Congress over the currency is supreme. It has no limit, and none is set to it by the Constitution. Congress may by law declare any coin equivalent, for the purpose of payment, to any other of greater or less intrinsic value, and, by a necessary sequence, render debts contracted in coins of one kind payable in coins of another kind, equalling the numerical amount of the debt. A promise to pay $10 silver money of the United States may, for instance, be fulfilled by the tender of an eagle, or of ten gold dollars, or of a hundred dimes. The question is an arithmetical one, whether the money proffered by the debtor makes up the sum for which he is bound. Were Congress to substitute a different metal in coining dollars, as, for instance, nickel for silver, or platinum for gold, no one could question the validity of the act."

A better authority for the Populist demand for more money, cheap money, plenty of poor man's money "per capita," money made of anything that is handy, money that is simply a commodity and not a measure of value, even Peffer or Coxey could not desire. And out of this view of the nature of American money the other doctrines of Populism naturally grew. It seemed criminal for any government with this capacity for producing dollars to leave a single citizen in want or a single laborer out of work. With this judgment in his hand, Coxey might well ask for the expenditure of $500,000,000 on road-making, and thunder against the inequality of fortunes. Harvey, too, can rest on it his demand for silver money in unlimited quantities: why should not Congress make what it has the power to make, for the promotion of public comfort?

The decision fell in, too, very aptly with the current of socialistic feeling which has been flowing so freely in most countries during the quarter of a century in which democracy has been climbing into power. Money is the bottom question of economics in the popular mind. How to get it, and how it ought to be distributed, is the chief concern of the poor and ignorant voter. On it he builds nearly all his sociological speculations, and on hearing that it is a Government product, rather than a standard of value, he naturally looks around to see who has got too much of it, and sets himself diligently to consider by what means greater equality of fortunes can be produced, and in what legal way the qualities which, under our present régime, most contribute to success in life may be dispensed with.

That we owe the income-tax law in large part to this state of mind we do not think any candid man will deny. It was an attempt on the part of the Democratic party to satisfy not only the Populists proper, but that large body of the community which thinks that its own failure to achieve $4,000 a year indicates something wrong in the body politic. It was, in short, a bit of the ethical legislation which such judgments as that of the legal-tender case strongly suggest, and which a good many philanthropists are longing for. All such legislation and all attempts to use the power of taxation for the promotion of ideal justice, however, are based on the Hegelian view of the "State," which has taken a strong hold on the socialistic mind. That view makes the Government a body of all-wise and all-just men, who know exactly what everybody owes to the public, and what the public owes to him, and arrange that everybody shall have his due. We know, however, that no such body exists or can be created. The most startling fact of modern politics is the decline of our legislative bodies. The governments of the world, instead of towering high above the communities which support them, in wisdom and morality, are dropping rather below the popular level. To intrust the brutish Congress which passed the income-tax law and refused to reform the currency, or the Albany Legislature which killed the education bill, with the power of deciding who should be rich and who poor, would strike every intelligent person as an invitation to anarchy. There is no higher power in the world now than there ever was. Government is no better than the people who elect it, and often not so good, and worship of the "State" is no better than worship of ancestors.

We cannot help looking on the judgment of Monday on the income tax as a retreat on the part of the Court from the immoralities of the legal-tender decision. Any man who should assume for himself the power over plighted faith and honest contracts which the Court there attributed to a Christian legislature, would find himself an object of general abhorrence. It is difficult to read without a blush the claim made by the Court for an American legislature of the power to adulterate coin and to change its value, which was one of the worst abuses of the sovereign power over money of the mediæval kings. We have seen whither this sort of jurisprudence leads the nation. We believe the income-tax decision has arrested this downward progress. The heat with which Justice Harlan expounded the Marx gospel from the bench showed that the brake was applied none too soon. The Judge's observations on the need of the tax to keep the rich in their places was as odd as anything that has fallen from a court since Lord Ellenborough's day.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

IT was a curious coincidence that on the same day when one United States judge sitting in the Federal Court at Columbia declared unconstitutional the registration laws of South Carolina, another judge should have annulled on similar grounds the law of that State regarding the sale of liquor so far as it affects liquor brought from other States for the personal use of the buyer. This latter decision, which was rendered by Judge Simonton, a South Carolina Democrat, was warmly applauded by a large element among the whites who have always fought Tillman's dispensary system; and their ready acceptance of the right of a federal court to set aside one State law renders it somewhat embarrassing for them to dispute the right of the same authority to annul another State law. Ex-Senator Butler does not hesitate to justify this interference in the case of the election laws, and to declare his opinion that the decision was correct. It should be added that the impression that Judge Goff's decision absolutely prevents the lawful holding of the proposed constitutional convention is erro-

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neous. He only held that the existing registration laws of the State are unconstitutional. To say nothing of the possibility of getting a prompt decision from the highest tribunal by an immediate appeal to the Supreme Court, there is ample time for the Governor to convene the Legislature for the passage of a registration law which will not be open to criticism.

Evans, the youthful lieutenant whom Tillman put in the Governor's chair when he himself took the Senatorship, issued a two-column manifesto last week about the impending contest between "the white peaceful flag of Anglo-Saxon civilization and progress" and "the black flag of the debased and ignorant African," which "must be a free open fight." Tillman follows this up with loud talk about a "blood" campaign and "hell broke loose, with the devil taking the hindmost," and a declaration that, if Judge Goff went any further in this matter, "he, for one, would advocate open rebellion." Judge Goff's action, however, has been received with favor, and even enthusiasm, by a considerable portion of the most intelligent whites. The Columbia *State*, a plain-spoken Democratic newspaper published at the capital, hailed the decision as virtually a proclamation of emancipation for those whites who have opposed the Tillman régime and who have been cheated under the registration laws as outrageously as the blacks. The *State* does not hesitate to pronounce the Evans manifesto "infamous," and to declare that "the paper teems with misrepresentations." Nor is the *State* alone in this. The Charleston *Evening Post* says that the registration law has been used to "disfranchise many thousands of white Democrats"; speaks of "the bald travesty of the registration of last March"; declares that, "under the provisions of the Constitutional Convention act, thousands of white Democrats remain, and will remain, disfranchised," and concludes:

> "Could these people hope to go on for ever goading the minority, ignoring and despitefully using it, without expecting to engender opposition and forcing it to crystallize? Time was when no respectable lawyer would have dared to appeal to a federal judge to set aside an election law enacted by white people, but that time has passed. Bitter, cruel experience has taught a minority of the white people that they have no more relentless, more ungenerous and unfair political enemies than their own fellows, and so there rose, among the former, men who rebelled, who flung defiance at them, and appealed to the one power from which redress had not already been denied."

The Greenville *News* says that there is no sense in abusing Judge Goff for his decision, because "Tillman declared months ago that these laws are unconstitutional, and made that the chief excuse for calling the Constitutional Convention." The *News* also directs attention to the significant fact that the State Supreme Court has had before it for six months a case involving the constitutionality of these laws, "and has flunked and refused to give a decision one way or the other." The Spartanburg *Herald* speaks of "all that has been gained by the upsetting of an infamous law," and says that "now is preëminently the time for wise counsel, deliberate action." The Clarendon *News* characterizes the talk of the Tillman leaders as "the blatant boastings of shallow-brained politicians," declares that "we have been already overpowered by the United States Government, and cannot for our own safety afford to resort to force," and says that "it is time that white citizens fully realize that it is better to enter into some compromise with the negro, by which the intelligent part of their race will be induced to join hands with the intelligent part of our race in working for the good of our whole State. In Georgetown County," it adds, "they've tried that and it works charmingly."

It is not necessary to make further quotations from the press to show that Tillman and Evans represent only a faction of the whites. The conservative Democrats, who have long opposed them, are now bolder than ever. In one of Evans's pronunciamientos he said: "There will be a straight fight now between the white man and the 'nigger,' and God save the white man that goes to the negro." We have no doubt that in Camden and in Manning this was understood to be a menace directed against some one whom the rebellious Governor had in his eye. For our part we read Col. John J. Dargan, editor of the Sumter *Freeman*, between the lines, and we now observe in the *State* a letter from that gentleman in which he takes the language of the proclamation in the same sense, for, after challenging any man to meet him and discuss the right of colored Americans to the suffrage (including his own right to "go to the negro"), he concludes with a defiance of Gov. Evans's threat, though it cost him his life. Col. Dargan has set himself in earnest "to see that the despised negro gets justice and fair dealing in South Carolina hereafter, and that cheating at elections be no longer tolerated as excuse for defrauding whites, also, who happen not to be in accord with the administration over which he [Gov. Evans] presides."

The more sensible people of South Carolina do not expect any collision with the federal authorities. Ex-Congressman George D. Tillman, who is a brother of *the* Tillman, and himself a Democrat with an excellent reputation, told a reporter the other day:

> "About half of these fellows who are put in the gubernatorial chair ought to be sent to a lunatic asylum instead. It is very fortunate that we have a federal Government which will step in when matters have reached a critical stage, and slap them on the back and say: 'There, there, son, you've gone far enough.'"

Probably Gov. Evans will back down after he has sputtered long enough. If he does not, President Cleveland will take him by the ear, as he did Gov. Altgeld of Illinois last summer, and show him his mistake in supposing that "injunctions don't go" in South Carolina.

THE LEGISLATIVE TORMENT.

It is rather difficult to take an objective view of the New York Legislature, we are so used to it; but there are very few who cannot imagine how it would strike an absolute stranger—say the well-known traveller from Mars. Although nominally a body which meets once a year to make laws (meaning by laws emanations of the sovereign will intended to benefit the community), and although it does occasionally make a law, hardly anybody ever thinks of it in that light. Most people regard its meeting as a calamity, and a shout of rejoicing goes up when it adjourns. In fact, if one were to judge it by the popular talk about it, one would suppose it was an agency for the torment and annoyance of the people, created by some hostile power. If we told the Mars traveller that it was the creation of the people themselves, that it was they who provided for its meeting and who paid the members for their work, he would dissolve in laughter and ask us to be easy on him. The members do not represent the State in any proper sense of the term. They have no connection, or none worth notice, with its industry, or trade, or commerce, or art, or science, or literature, or religion, or education. They are mostly young, obscure, and often very ignorant men. They seldom have any regular means of livelihood outside politics. Very few of them could get private employment in any reputable calling. Yet we call them together regularly once a year, and hand over to them, for such control or alterations as they see fit, nearly all our social and political arrangements, including our taxation. The use they make of this power reads like an account of the pranks of a lot of vicious boys off on a "bender." The traveller from Mars might think this was an accident which had never occurred before. We should in that case have to undeceive him. We should have to tell him that it was but a repetition of what had been going on for a quarter of a century, and that when each new Legislature met, everybody knew exactly the kind of thing it would be and the kind of things it would do. "Why on earth," he would say, "if this is true, do you not abolish it?"

To answer this question we should have to explain to him that we were living under representative government, a contrivance of the modern world intended to secure to everybody a say in the administration of public affairs, for want of which the Roman Empire perished; and that, though the Romans often got "the laugh on us" in these later days, no substitute for it has yet been devised. We must have something in the shape of a representative body, and it seemed to be part of the mysterious purposes of Providence that legislatures in our day should be largely made up of these young or old ne'er-do-weels. They are coming to the front and seizing on power in all democratic countries. We are simply showing the democratic

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road to the older nations. The youths whom nobody will trust or employ have long suffered from popular odium and neglect. Their turn has come at last; a field has been found for them, and it is apparently the government of the world. This would not satisfy our Mars friend, however, for he would naturally ask why, if they annoyed us and discredited us so much, we let them meet so often. If we cannot wholly get rid of them, surely we could restrict their activity by making them triennials or biennials instead of annuals.

Here, we think, he would have us on the hip. It was a great pity that the Constitutional Convention did not recognize the force and reasonableness of the movement which has in nearly all other States made the sessions of the Legislature biennial. We assert with confidence that if the New York Legislature met only once in five years, no material interest of the State would suffer by it, while every moral interest would gain. It is no exaggeration to say that if we rule out the necessity this year of rectifying abuses created by former legislatures, there is not a single statute of the past ten years without which we could not have got along perfectly well. In other words, the work of the Legislature has been, in the main, simple mischief, or worse. In the belief of nearly all the intelligent portion of our population, the meeting of the Legislature every January in Albany is simply the opening of a school of vice. As soon as the Speaker is elected, the members organize, under a master who is not a member of their body, for the sale of legislation in quantities to suit purchasers, or for the levy of blackmail. Not the smallest sign do they show of any responsibility for public peace, comfort, or prosperity. They take their pay in money or offices or "something equally as good." They create a small army of go-betweens and lobbyists and gamblers—a kind of devil's "drummers" who bring buyers and sellers together. By threatening the wealthy, too, they make the corporations partners in their corruption, and fill them with contempt for, or distrust of, popular government. We venture to assert that the activities of Platt and his Boys during the past twenty years have all but extinguished respect for, or belief in, democratic institutions in the breasts of most of the rich men of this city. If we could look at this body in a dry light, and not through the haze of sentiment, tradition, and usage, it would, in fact, seem amazing that a Christian people should suffer such an organization to sit four months of every year in its capital city.

The worst of it is the effect on the youth of the State, not only of witnessing the legislative pranks, but of hearing the opinions of the State Government entertained by their elders. Every New York boy hears every day that the legislators are a pack of scoundrels, and that the legislation is, in one form or another, for sale. Foes and friends say the same thing. The fathers who do not denounce the legislators for their corruption, do not deny that they would like to be legislators themselves so as to share in it. The extent to which children are educated by what they see and hear around them in business and politics, is singularly overlooked even by the best of us, while the confidence we all have in our schools as instruments of moral training, is equally amazing. The proposal of the body which has just broken up at Albany to neutralize the effect of its own falsehood, levity, corruption, and indifference to public interest on the minds of the children, by ordering the national flag to be hoisted on all school-houses, gives a touch of the comic to what would otherwise be simple vulgar humbug. "Patriotism" with all these people is conveniently lodged in drill and flags, with which the boys are to be occupied while the elders set the public powers up at auction.

THE CENTENNIAL OF THE CRUSADES.

THE eighth centennial of the preaching of the First Crusade has been celebrated during the week at Clermont, France. The place was appropriately chosen, for it was there that Pope Urban II. made that memorable appeal—one of the most famous in history—which caused Christendom to spring to arms to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. We are just beginning to understand the deep significance of this strange uprising, now that the researches of scholars have brought to light the contemporary documents of that age, and have enabled us to form a true picture of Syria under the Franks. The old idea that it was a spasmodic effort, born of superstition and a chivalric love of adventure, which speedily spent its force and left no trace save in the pages of romantic fiction, is curiously incorrect. To the crusades Europe owed the downfall of feudalism, the birth of civil and religious freedom, and the increase of learning, the arts and sciences. Upon Syria their effect was more immediate, though less permanent. The early Crusaders were adventurers, it is true, but they proved themselves as successful in statesmanship as in war. They organized their conquests into a feudal kingdom "as fully assigned, cultivated, and administered as any part of contemporary France or England." The code of laws under which the land was governed, the famous Assizes of Jerusalem, showed a wisdom and intelligence far beyond the age. The peace and prosperity which the people enjoyed under them is testified to, not only by the chroniclers and pilgrims, but by the remains of their massive buildings, churches, monasteries, castles, and harbors, more numerous than those of any former conquerors. Few European cities, indeed, like Jerusalem before her capture by Saladin, could point to walls crumbling with age and disuse, and boast that they had not seen the face of an enemy for ninety years.

But we are not concerned now with the direct or indirect results of the Crusades, interesting as this subject is in the light of our present knowledge. Christendom, in the way characteristic of the nineteenth century, is again endeavoring to take possession of the Holy Land, and the inquiry which this octocentenary suggests is, How do the conditions in 1895 compare with those in 1095? At first thought it would seem as if there could be nothing but sharp contrasts, but more careful consideration shows that the resemblances are possibly more numerous and deeper than the differences. The Turk was the master then, as he is now. It was his conquest of the land twenty years before, in fact, which was the immediate cause of the Crusades. Up to this time the Arab caliphs had welcomed and protected the Christian pilgrims and merchants. But now Europe thrilled with passionate indignation at the pitiful story, told by Peter the Hermit and repeated by Pope Urban in the great square at Clermont, of the sufferings of Christians at the hands of the fierce Seljuks. Twice within the last twenty years, in Bulgaria in 1876 and in Armenia last summer, has the Turk proved to a horror-stricken world that he is unchanged—that as he treated Christians then he treats them now, when he has the opportunity. Eight centuries ago a practically united Europe drove him from the land which he ravaged. To-day his presence is endured there simply because the Powers cannot agree upon his successor.

The inhabitants of the land are nearly the same in race, religion, manner of life, and mutual hatreds as they were when Godfrey of Bouillon was chosen to rule over them. The modern traveller finds them all there to-day, the Syrian and Maronite Christians, the Druses of Lebanon, the Moslem of the town, the wandering Bedouin of the plain, the Turkish lord, and the cringing Jew. Only the Assassins have disappeared, to be worthily replaced by the lawless Circassians. And moving among them is the same ceaseless throng of pilgrims passing from one holy site to another, of every Christian nationality, of every rank and class and degree of piety and intelligence. They come from farther afield, the perils and difficulties of the pilgrimage are vastly lessened, and their relations to Rome may have changed, but otherwise there is little essential difference to be observed between the mediæval palmer and Cook's tourist.

Nor is it pure fancy which sees a resemblance to the great military orders to which the Crusades gave birth, the Hospitallers, Templars, and Teutonic Knights, in the monastic houses of the Roman and Greek Churches and in the missions of Protestant England, Germany, and America. And it would almost seem as if the land was about to fall into their hands,

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as it did for a time into those of the warrior monks. A fourth part of Jerusalem is said to be the property of the Russian Church, which also owns and occupies with churches, hospitals, and inns a large tract outside the walls, as well as in many other parts of Palestine. In like manner, though not to the same extent, the Roman and Armenian Churches have acquired land and built fortress-like convents surrounded by the dwellings of their retainers, have planted vineyards and gardens. The Protestant colonists who are doing the most to give the land a European aspect with their vine-covered villages, the Temple Christians of Würtemberg, have adopted the very name of the men whose work but not whose methods they have taken up. They have laid aside sword and shield for the Bible, the spelling-book, and the medicine-chest.

The commercial relations between Syria and Europe were far more important in 1095 than they are to-day. Then the Italian ships brought the wealth of Persia, India, and China from the Syrian seaports to Europe. The stopping of this trade by the Turks was one of the deeper causes of the Crusades, and without the aid of the Italian fleets their success would have been impossible. With the extension of the Akka-Damascus Railway, now being built, to the Euphrates a part of this commerce will doubtless return. In one slight particular it is being curiously reproduced. Among the products transported to Europe by the ships of Amalfi and Genoa was bitumen from the Dead Sea. And now, after the lapse of centuries, during which the Sea has been deserted and an object of superstitious dread, boats are again engaged in picking up the floating bitumen for sale in Europe.

One of the marked differences between the eleventh and the nineteenth centuries is the manner in which the Jew is treated in Syria. The Crusader hated and oppressed him. To-day he is finding a secure and peaceful home once more in the Promised Land. There are at least eighteen Jewish colonies in Palestine, and there are 40,000 dwelling in and about Jerusalem. While some live in the deepest poverty, the objects of a mistaken charity, many are cultivating the land or are engaged in industrial pursuits. Another difference between the two ages is that, in the earlier, Europe received more from Syria than she gave, the learning of the East, its arts and sciences. Now she is repaying the debt. She has given it a literature, by translations of the Bible and other works into the Arabic, while Western civilization, with its potent adjuncts of steam and electricity, is already changing the face of the land.

LONDON'S INDEPENDENT GALLERIES.

LONDON, April 29, 1895.

ONE has been long accustomed to look outside the Academy for whatever is vital, or original, or individual in the work of British painters. Hitherto in England there have been two chief headquarters for the two chief groups of Independents. The New Gallery, inheriting the traditions of the Grosvenor, has offered shelter to Burne-Jones and his school; the New English Art Club has been a centre for the younger men who also have disdained academic restrictions, but whose sympathies are with modern movements rather than primitive revivals. For a time, the Grafton seemed about to provide an English refuge for the Glasgow men, but it has not fulfilled the promise of its first exhibitions. There are still but the two galleries to uphold a standard of independence.

Fortunately, this year both have opened before the Academy—the New English Art Club several weeks ago, the New Gallery to-day—so that there is time to give them the preliminary attention which is unquestionably their due. It is curious that, different and opposing as are their respective artistic creeds, both alike begin to show signs of exhaustion. It is depressing, as well as curious, in the case of the New English Art Club, whose members are only just fairly embarked upon their career. The little organization is not much more than ten years of age, and it started with the most excellent intentions. Its aims, according to English canons, were distinctly revolutionary; in their gallery you could smell the powder, as I heard an enthusiastic, metaphorical French artist once express it. There was not one among them who was not preoccupied with genuine artistic problems; whose concern was not with harmony of color, or play of light, or beautiful arrangement of line, or technical dexterity, rather than the preaching of a sermon or the telling of a story in paint. Their first shows were distinctly interesting; their own work, if mainly experimental, was at least an experiment in the right direction, while they counted one or two members—Mr. Sargent for instance—who had already achieved a reputation among artists, and space was always spared for the canvases of those distinguished painters who were their true masters. But gradually a little clique within the club, taking matters into their own hands, succeeded in estranging all who were not in accord with them, the Glasgow men among the number. The supply of masterpieces by Monet and Degas gave out. Mr. Sargent has ceased to contribute regularly. And Mr. Furse, once a prominent member, seems at least to be reserving his more important pictures for other exhibitions. The result is that this spring their walls are covered with sketches and studies and experiments, but little else. The excellence of intention is still evident, but one seeks in vain for the actual accomplishment which surely, after all these years of apprenticeship, should now be forthcoming. And, as if the painters themselves had wearied of the tentative stage, the sketches and experiments have scarce the vigor and robustness and buoyancy revealed in the beginning. It is hard to account for the fact, but there it is to discourage all who believe in the club as a power for good. Certainly the show is far better than any other held in London; it never could sink to the commonplace level of the Institute or British Artists. But, though the average of intentions is high, it is not possible to point to any perfect achievements, unless to the very lovely paintings on silk by Mr. Charles Conder. What the artist has undertaken to do he has done; he has broken down the barrier of aims and experiments which holds back the others, and has painted two little pictures complete in themselves, beautiful schemes of color. Beyond these, nothing is to note unless it be the improvement of one man, Mr. Anning Bell, the new promise held out by a second all but unknown, Mr. Walter Cadby. The members with names more familiar continue to rest on their very meagre laurels. Mr. Steer, it is true, produces very marvellous sketches, but it is not too exacting to expect from him, by this time, canvases more finished and less obviously studies for pictures.

If the movement represented in the New Gallery seems weakening, disappointment is less poignant. The Neo-Primitives were doomed from the first to disappear; their methods were too artificial, their attitude too self-conscious, their influence too unhealthy. They, or their original Pre-Raphaelite leaders, may have given the impetus to the Rosicrucianism, or mysticism, which has had such a vogue in France and Germany and Belgium. But with men like Böcklin and Stuck, like Khnopff and Aman-Jean, the first business of the painter was acknowledged to be to learn how to paint. Technical proficiency has always been disdained by the English primitive, until he has tumbled, as was inevitable, into the inanity that now prevails at the New Gallery. Academic banality is not more disheartening than his sham naïveté. Of course, this does not apply to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, who is much to the fore this year. He exhibits no less than three large designs and two portraits. In all, he has carried out very much the same scheme of color—that arrangement of blue and green which has already occurred in several of his decorations. In all he introduces the characteristic "Burne-Jones" type, so that even "The Lady Windsor," in his portrait of her, seems but another version of the "Sleeping Beauty" who hangs near; the little "Dorothy Drew" but a plump infant edition of Lucifer, who, falls, to such fine decorative purpose, in the most successful of his contributions. This really shows him at his best. The procession of fallen angels makes a beautiful sweeping line down the long narrow canvas; the blue of the heavens and the blue-green of the angels' armor yield a fine, stately harmony, with not a touch of the sickliness or morbid pallor that disfigures the "Sleeping Beauty," an early design of the fourth picture in the Brier Rose series. The effect is obtained by a strange combination of water-color and pastel, which perhaps no other artist would have ventured upon in a work designed on so large a scale. By comparison, the "Wedding of Psyche" sinks into ineffectiveness, and seems hardly worth the considerable proportions in which it has been executed.

But, whether altogether successful or not, between the work of Burne-Jones and that of his followers a great gulf lies fixed. His, at its feeblest, commands respect; theirs, at its strongest, it is kinder to ignore. From it, indeed, one turns with something like relief even to a portrait by Mr. Holman Hunt, who once more exhibits in the New Gallery, only to show, however, that his unpleasant mannerisms at last have mastered him completely. M. Khnopff, a mystic of another school, in (for him) a very mediocre production, called "Sous les Arbres," explains that mysticism and technique are not necessarily at daggers drawn: his knight holding a wand is little more than a white silhouette against a wooded background, but an exquisitely painted jewel at his neck and a carefully drawn clasp at his waist prove simplicity to be intentional and not a mere makeshift.

When all is said, the Primitives are in woful minority. From Academical highways and any chance by-ways, pictures have had to be sought, that galleries may be entirely filled.

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There are rooms which seem but an annex of Burlington House; and the sad part of it is that the outside element is equally feeble and incompetent. It is no exaggeration to say that it contributes but one striking work, Mr. Sargent's portrait of Miss Ada Rehan. This, it must be confessed, is not one of Mr. Sargent's triumphs. The color is all but offensive. The tall figure in the white satin gown is set against a tapestry background, in which a dull dirty gray predominates; no incomparable harmony is presented as in the lovely "Lady Agnew." But, to turn from Mr. Shannon's or the Hon. John Collier's pink-cheeked dolls to this tall, stately Miss Rehan with the sallow, somewhat elderly face and the disordered gray hair, is to be confronted with a woman who lives within the frame, a woman who rejoices in strongly marked character, a woman whose face is to be remembered as one remembers the Philip of Velasquez or Bellini's Doge. The pose, as she stands playing with her fan, her shoulders well back, her head well poised on the graceful throat, is magnificent; and the sheen and folds of the gown are rendered with a full flowing brush, delightful in the freedom and knowledge so unostentatiously displayed. For the mere rendering of character, Mr. Sargent has seldom done anything finer. One would like to blot out the background, which is a feeble and unpleasant echo of the flat gray tone in that part of his decoration for the Boston Library which he showed in last spring's Academy.

There is nothing to compare with the "Miss Rehan." Mr. Shannon may have surpassed himself in one portrait, of a little girl; Mr. John Reid may be uncommonly good in another, of "Mrs. Arthur Sanderson," but they are students feeling their way where Mr. Sargent is the master. Nor do the landscapes excite more lavish enthusiasm. There is a beautiful example of Mr. Peppercorn and Mr. Edward Stott. Mr. Alfred Parsons and Mr. Arthur Lemon are, as ever, observant and studious. Little else arrests the attention or calls for special description. Certainly the independent galleries this year have failed to justify their existence. Whether this is because, at last, the Academy has adopted a more liberal policy and is encouraging the artist, will be made clear once Burlington House has opened its doors for its summer exhibition. N. N.

Correspondence.

THE MADISON LETTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letter of "N.," which you print this week, strikes me as a very peculiar piece of reasoning. Your correspondent assumes that the Madison letter "shows that all the learned arguments upon the economic question what is a direct tax . . . may be thrown into the waste-paper basket." He says, further, that, "*indirect taxes* were taxes procured indirectly by 'requisition' on the States; *direct taxes* were taxes laid *directly* by the Federal Government." He says further: "The framers of the Constitution evidently had never looked at the subject from a politico-economic point of view; they had never given a thought to the philosophy of taxation; the term 'direct taxes,' as they used it, did not refer to the kind or character or nature of the tax, but to the fact that such taxes were . . . to be laid . . . directly upon the taxpayer by the newly constituted taxing power."

These confident assertions, so contrary to the testimony of the *Federalist* and of the Debates on the Constitution, are all deduced from the Madison letter, which, however, flatly contradicts them in the following words: "The only question will be whether direct taxes shall be raised by the General Government itself, or whether the General Government shall require the State Governments to raise them." Now, Madison was certainly not the man to write nonsense; but if by "direct taxes" he meant taxes raised by the General Government and not raised by the State Governments, the passage last quoted would be nothing but nonsense, as anybody can see by substituting for the words "direct taxes" therein the definition of those words propounded by "N."

Secondly, what becomes of duties and excises? Are they not taxes? And are they direct or indirect? If the former, they would have to be apportioned among the States; if the latter, they could not, under "N.'s" definition, be levied by the General Government at all, but only by the State Governments. In either case, "N.'s" reasoning terminates in impossible conclusions. A. T.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In corroboration of the position taken by "N." in his letter published in your issue of May 16, may I be permitted to offer the following? It will be noticed that while Madison made the terms "requisition" and "indirect taxes" synonymous, another great Constitution framer—Gouverneur Morris—makes "indirect taxes" have a very different significance, but gives to "direct" taxes the same meaning as Madison.

In July, 1787, the Federal Convention was struggling with the question of *representation*. The points at issue were: (1) Should slaves be counted as population, as the South insisted they should? and (2) If so, how should they be counted? All the world now knows of the compromise which settled this dispute. But for days during the Convention the discussion was violent, and at one time seemed to threaten the disruption of the Convention and the consequent loss of the cause. It was at this time that Gouverneur Morris, a delegate for Pennsylvania, proposed, because he was an uncompromising abolitionist, that taxation should be in proportion to representation. Hardly had he made the proposal when, to his utter consternation, he saw that it struck at the very root of the structure they were trying to erect, a strong central government; and he hastened to explain that by taxation he meant *direct* taxation. "It would," he said, "be inapplicable to indirect taxes on exports and imports and consumption." Bancroft observes (Hist. U. S., vol. 6, Rev., p. 266), "By the temerity of one man, the United States were precluded from deriving an equitable revenue from real property. Morris soon saw what evil he had wrought, but he vainly strove to retrieve it."

The course of Gouverneur Morris in this memorable Convention, his strong convictions as expressed in many of his letters still preserved, and even his attitude on the question of slavery, are conclusive evidence that he did not believe in the system of "requisitions." Yet here is a clear reference to *direct* taxation. He had already defined *indirect* taxation, and he again defines it in the words quoted above. He clearly uses the words antithetically. As indirect taxes were taxes on imports, exports, and consumption, direct taxes were taxes made upon the citizens of the States; and *all* taxes, no matter of what character, that were so made were direct taxes, and should be levied in proportion to representation. Congress clearly has a constitutional right to levy taxes upon almost any kind of property or income from property; only such taxes must be laid in the manner prescribed by the Constitution for the levying of *direct* taxes. The income tax as laid by Congress was an unconstitutional tax, but not upon the grounds alleged in the decision of the Supreme Court. O. K. Stuart.

1528 N. 18th St., Philadelphia, May 21.

THE PINCKNEY DRAFT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Some months since, a question was raised in your columns as to the authenticity of the so-called Pinckney draft of the United States Constitution, and a wish was expressed that the original MS. could be examined. As is known, the *Journal of the Convention* was printed when John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State. Upon turning to the "copy" which was used in that publication, I found that the Pinckney draft was merely a copy, made by some clerk of the Department, and did not even bear mention of the fact that the paper of which it was a copy had been received from Pinckney more than thirty years after the event. One or two emendations were in the handwriting of Adams, but nothing else to show the history of the document. The officials of the Department made a search for any new material that would throw light upon the matter. This was of some importance, as Chief-Justice Fuller quoted the draft in his opinion on the income-tax question, in the common belief that the paper was entirely reliable. I have, through the courtesy of the Department, been allowed to see the letter from Pinckney enclosing this draft, or paper. As a matter of historical interest I think it worth printing in full. With the letter was a copy of the paper in Pinckney's handwriting. In the clause or section quoted by Mr. Fuller, the only change is in the second word, which the copyist of the Department made singular instead of plural. The sentence should read "The proportions [instead of proportion] of direct taxation shall be regulated by the whole number of inhabitants of every description." I do not think this letter of Mr. Pinckney has ever been printed. Its contents are sufficient to throw considerable doubt upon the so-called Pinckney draft, in certain details; it does establish the general accuracy of other parts.

Respectfully yours,

Worthington C. Ford.

Washington, D. C., May 14, 1895.

Charles Pinckney to John Quincy Adams.

In Charleston, Dec. 30th 1818

Sir

On my return to this city as I promised I examined carefully all the numerous notes & papers which I had retained relating to the federal Convention. among them I found several rough draughts of the Constitution I proposed to the Convention. although they differed in some measure from each other in the wording & arrangement of the articles, yet they were all substantially the same. they all proceeded upon the idea of throwing out of view the attempt to amend the existing Confederation (then a very favorite idea of a number) & proceeding de novo of a Division of the Powers of Government into legislative, executive & judicial & of making the Government to operate directly upon the People & not upon the States. My Plan was substantially adopted in the sequel except as to the Senate & giving more power to the Executive than I intended. the force of Vote which the small & mid-

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dling States had in the Convention prevented our obtaining a proportional representation in more than one branch & the great powers given to the President were never intended to have been given to him while the Convention continued in that patient & coolly deliberative situation in which they had been for nearly the whole of the preceding five months of their session, nor was it until within the last week or ten days that almost the whole of the Executive Department was altered. I can assure you as a fact that for more than Four months & a half out of five the power of exclusively making treaties, appointing public Ministers & Judges of the Supreme Court was given to the Senate after numerous debates & considerations of the subject both in Committee of the Whole & in the House. this I not only aver but can prove by printed Documents in my possession to have been the case. & should I ever have the pleasure to see you & converse on this subject will state to you some things relative to the Business that may be new & perhaps surprising to you. the veil of secrecy from the Proceedings of the Convention being removed by Congress & but very few of the members alive would make disclosures now of the scenes there acted less improper than before.' with the aid of the Journal & the numerous notes & memorandums I have preserved it would now be in my power to give a view of the almost insuperable difficulties the Convention had to encounter & of the conflicting opinions of the members & I believe I should have attempted it had I not always understood Mr Madison intended it. he alone I believed possessed & retained more numerous & particular notes of their proceedings than myself. I will thank you Sir to do me the honor to send me or to get the President to direct a copy of the Journal of the Convention to be sent me as also of the secret Journals of Congress should it be considered not improper in me to make the request.

I have already informed you I have several rough draughts of the Constitution I proposed & that they are all substantially the same differing only in words & the arrangement of the Articles. at the distance of nearly thirty-two years it is impossible for me now to say which of the 4 or 5 draughts I have was the one. But enclosed I send you the one I believe was it. I repeat however that they are substantially the same differing only in form and unessentials. it may be necessary to remark that very soon after the Convention met I changed & avowed candidly the change of my Opinion on giving the power to Congress to revise the State Laws in certain cases & in giving the exclusive Power to the Senate to declare War thinking it safer to refuse the first altogether & to vest the latter in Congress. I will thank you to acknowledge by a line the receipt of the Draught & this.

With very great respect and esteem,
I have the honor to be your most
obedient servant
CHARLES PINCKNEY.

THE "TRINUMMUS" AT SYRACUSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An event of no little interest for American scholars took place at Syracuse, N. Y., on the evening of May 16, when the "Trinummus" of Plautus was rendered before a pleased and appreciative audience by members of the Senior Class of the University. The creditable production of an ancient play in the original tongue is a matter of greater difficulty than the public at large can possibly imagine. The preliminary questions as to scenery, costumes, music, metrical delivery, etc., etc., are not only very numerous, but often extremely difficult of solution. Some, indeed, cannot be theoretically answered with absolute certainty, yet they must all be decided in practice if the play is to be given at all. For example, the directions of Pollux and of Donatus with regard to the masks and the colors appropriated to the various typical characters of comedy are, as every scholar well knows, neither complete nor always sustained by the extant monuments. Pollux records the traditions of the Greek New Comedy; Donatus supplies, but in much less detail, similar rules for the Roman *Fabula Palliata*, to which class of plays the "Trinummus" belongs. But Donatus flourished about the middle of the fourth century of our era; he has doubtless given us the stage traditions of his own day. When these differ from those of the Attic New Comedy, may we rightly infer that the difference existed from the very first? Did Plautus himself alter, to that extent, the traditions of the Greek stage, as he certainly introduced Roman customs, allusions, ideas into the text of his adaptations? or did these changes occur later? This is no idle question; for, if we adopt changes not belonging to the age of Plautus, but to some later, perhaps post-Terentian age, are we not bound, in consistency, to put our Roman actors into masks?

This is but one example of the many questions which Prof. Smalley had to settle before he could put the play in study. That all such points were duly considered and passed upon, any scholar who was present at this performance could readily see. Even to the fiery wig of the slave Stasimus, everything had been carefully considered and decided. Some points, of course, must have raised doubts in the minds of those spectators who were most at home in such questions. For our part, we may say that they appeared to us to have been generally decided in the most judicious way. Thus, it seemed to us particularly wise to limit the chanting of the *Cantica* to a few verses of each, the rather as there is considerable difference of opinion among the editors of Plautus as to the metre and the length of some of the verses. In each case the actor soon passed from actual song into a sort of intoned *recitativo*, after having sufficiently called attention to the quasi-lyric nature of the passage.

The point upon which we should be most inclined to differ from the theories adopted in this rendition concerns the matter of elision. While, at the Harvard rendering of the "Phormio," elision was thought by some competent judges to have been overdone, we could not but think that it was insufficiently marked in the "Trinummus." In this opinion we were confirmed by observing that, while pronouncing syllables not intended to be heard, the actors were often compelled to crowd two syllables into the time allotted to one, with the result that, now and then, a long syllable was made short, to the discomfort of the trained ear.

These not very numerous slips, and an occasional English vowel-sound, especially the so-called "natural vowel" in syllables ending in "r," were the only defects which a fair critic would feel disposed to note in this very meritorious performance. Great credit belongs to everybody concerned: to the young people, who gave it so much care and labor; to Prof. Frey, the composer of the appropriate music; to Prof. Smalley, upon whom fell most of the heavy work; and to the enlightened and distinguished Chancellor under whose auspices and by whose substantial aid the University has rendered this service to American scholarship. FRANCIS PHILIP NASH.

HOBART COLLEGE, May 17, 1895.

SOME DANTE QUESTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your number for April 18 you have been good enough to notice my little book, 'Dante: His Times and His Work.' One is always sure of intelligent and good-natured criticism of Dante books in the United States. But you ask a question: "Where does Dante tell us that he wrote the *Vita Nuova* before he was twenty-five?" Well, I should say in the first chapter of the 'Convito': "et io in quella [*sc.* V. N.] dinanzi all' entrata di mia gioventù parlai." As, later on, somewhere in Book IV., he says that *gioventù* begins at twenty-five, it seems to me that one must be *Germanis Germanior*, *Rhœtis Rhœtior* to find any other meaning in the words.

Now in return will you tell me where you find that Guido Cavalcanti died in August? I must admit that I was not aware of the other version of Pietro di Dante to which you refer; nor have I had the advantage of reading Signor Luigi Rocca's discussion of the passage about Beatrice. I should be only too glad if it could be proved genuine, because it would settle the question in the sense I believe correct. But I confess that, as you quote it, it bears to me all the look of a fourteenth or early fifteenth-century gloss. May I say that I did mention Scartazzini's one-volume edition on p. 197?

When you say that Blanc's 'Vocabolario' was originally written in French you convict me of an oversight. I have used the Italian version for twenty years, but never read the preface, and supposed that the German version was the original form.

Yours faithfully, A. J. BUTLER.

WOOD END, WEYBRIDGE, ENGLAND, May 6, 1895.

[The manner in which we put our question as to Mr. Butler's statement was not happy. We were, of course, familiar with the passage in the 'Convito' to which he refers, but we had long since ceased to give it the exact interpretation that seems to proceed from Dante's later definition of *gioventù*. Dante was twenty-five in May or June, 1290; Beatrice died June 9, 1290. Yet the 'Vita Nuova' plainly was written some time after this event. Indeed, it mentions the anniversary of her death in 1291, and almost certainly events of 1292. Clearly, then, Dante did not write the book before he was twenty-five; and his statement in the 'Convito' must be taken as loose, either in respect to the date or in respect to the meaning of *gioventù*. We prefer the latter alternative.

The date of the death of Guido Cavalcanti was discovered by Prof. Del Lungo, and given by him in his great work, 'Dino Compagni e la sua Cronica,' vol. ii., p. 98, n. 26. It appears in an entry in the *Obituario* of the Church of S. Reparata in Florence, which runs: "IIII Kal. [Sept.] MCCC. Q[uiescit] Guido f. dñi Cavalcantis de Cavalcantis." This gives the date of burial. Guido's death must have taken place one or two days earlier.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

THE journals of Townsend Harris, first American envoy in Japan, kept at Shimoda and in Yedo, 1856-1858, will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. They have been edited, with a biography and a chapter on Japan at the end of the century, by Dr. Wm. Elliot

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Griffis. The contents will probably surprise none more than the Japanese themselves. It is the story of success won by one man without ships or soldiers, but mainly by patience, enlightenment, tact, and unswerving truth.

J. M. Bowles, No. 286 Roxbury Street, Boston, has nearly ready 'Notes Critical and Biographical' on the well-known private art collection of the late W. T. Walters of Baltimore, by R. B. Grenelle, printed in red and black on Michallet paper, with embellishments by Bruce Rogers; and in preparation an edition of the Book of Ecclesiastes in the form of an illuminated MS., engrossed by Mr. Rogers, limited to fifty copies, only forty of which will be for sale, printed on Japan paper and bound in parchment.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are about to publish 'Government & Co., Limited,' an examination of the tendencies of Privilege in the United States, by Horatio W. Seymour, and 'The Eye in its Relation to Health,' by Chalmer Prentice, M.D.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. will issue in June the forty-two articles on Lincoln printed in the *Independent* on April 4. They announce also 'In the Land of Lorna Doone,' with other pleasurable excursions in England, by William H. Rideing, 'Punishment and Reformation,' by Dr. F. H. Wines, and a new, illustrated edition of 'The Narrative of Captain Coignet, Soldier of the Empire.'

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'Exercises in Old English,' by Prof. Albert S. Cook of Yale.

A monograph on Thackeray, by Adolphus Jack; 'Miscellaneous Studies,' by the late Walter Pater; a handbook of 'Picture Posters,' by C. T J. Hiatt; 'Passages of the Bible, Chosen for their Literary Beauty and Interest,' by J. G. Frazer; 'The Natural History of Aquatic Insects,' by Prof. Miall; and a 'Text-book of Operative Surgery,' are in the press of Macmillan & Co.

Charles Scribner's Sons publish this week 'The Adventures of Captain Horn,' by Frank R. Stockton.

D. Appleton & Co. will shortly bring out 'European and American Cuisine,' by Mrs. Gesine Lemcke.

From J. B. Lippincott Co. we are soon to have the Memoirs of Gen. James Longstreet of the Confederate Army, and an historical novel of the Delaware Valley, 'The Colonial Wooing,' by Dr. C. C. Abbott.

The Life of Sonya Kovalevsky is on T. Fisher Unwin's latest list; it is by several hands.

The reprint of selected portions of the 'Voyages and Travels' of Captain Basil Hall (T. Nelson & Sons) falls in with the prevailing Napoleonic recrudescence. It is full of the experience of a man-of-war actively cruising in the wars of the Empire, and describes with much detail the battle of Corunna, which Captain Hall witnessed, and the subsequent embarkation of Sir John Moore's reduced force, minus their ill-fated commander. Captain Hall was a graphic if prolix writer, and boys will still be interested in a narrative designed for them, yet not composed in a manner perceptibly different from that appropriate for adults. There are a few rather cheap illustrations.

Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena are the battle-pieces *par excellence* of the Memoirs of Count de Ségur ('An Aide de-Camp of Napoleon,' D. Appleton & Co.). We have already given some account of this interesting book, an abridgment of the eight volumes of 1873. It has been translated by H. A. Patchett-Martin none too well or idiomatically, and provided with an index.

The Dent-Macmillan reprint of Defoe, under the editorial care of Mr. George A. Aitken, continues with 'Memoirs of a Cavalier; or a Military Journal of the Wars in Germany and the Wars in England [1632-1648],' which is critically adjudged to have been a pure compilation—in other words, an historical romance, but of a high order. The same publishers have added "King Henry VI." in its three parts to the delectable little "Temple Shakspere."

The second volume, 'Arne,' in the issue of an English version of Björnson's novels (Macmillan) is introduced by an obituary tribute to the translator, Mr. Walter Low, who has been cut off in his prime. He has left completed his translation of 'The Fisher Maiden.'

A life almost as short as Mr. Low's was that of Jean Carriès, the French sculptor, who died before the article upon him and his works in the volume of the *Century* just completed (November, 1894–April, 1895) was printed. The illustrations of this artist's busts are among the most striking in the volume. For the rest, Prof. Sloane's pictorial Life of Napoleon dominates everything else, but in the political line we may recall the Bismarckian head of Crispi accompanying Mr. Stillman's sketch of that statesman; in fiction, Mr. Crawford's "Casa Braccio"; in social matters, the glimpses of "Festivals at American Colleges for Women"; and in mechanics, the account of Tesla's inventions and Maxim's exposition of the art of navigating the air.

A new and excellent edition of Mr. Hall Caine's 'Shadow of a Crime' (Boston: Joseph Knight Co.) deserves honorable mention. The story has not been heretofore published in this country, except in a cheap paper form, which, together with the repellent title, limited its circulation, especially as Mr. Caine had not then made a reputation. But he has written nothing since better worth reading, and it has the advantage of being less desperately sad than 'The Deemster' and some others. It is as good for Cumberland as 'Lorna Doone' is for Devon. The best of the illustrations are those reproducing photographs of the Lake Country scenery.

'A Brief Descriptive Geography of the Empire State,' by C. W. Bardeen (Syracuse: Bardeen), is an effort in the right direction, inasmuch as it presents a large body of local material, generally well illustrated, from which teachers and scholars in New York may learn much about their own State. The method employed, however, is unsatisfactory, inasmuch as it fails to base the topographical descriptions on a strong natural foundation, and further fails to bring forward sufficiently the many intimate connections existing between geographical form and the conditions of human life, occupation, and movement. Long Island Sound is spoken of as "the American Mediterranean," this being quoted from some foolish person who was so unwise as to publish so unapt a comparison. The departure of the Hudson below Newburgh from the Great Valley which continues southwestward into New Jersey and beyond, is not brought out. "The Hudson River, Lake George, and Lake Champlain lie in a narrow and rugged valley reaching from the Bay of New York to the St. Lawrence." The real facts cannot be learned from such a statement. Instead of following this book with special geographies of each county, as the author proposes, a revision of the book itself with the object of lifting it to a proper level would be more advisable.

'Short Studies in Nature Knowledge,' an introduction to the science of physiography, by William Gee (Macmillan), is an entertaining little volume intended to serve as a reader and companion to geographical text-books. Its subjects are well chosen and generally well illustrated. The weakness of the book, as of many others of its class, results from the insufficient acquaintance of the author with the higher lines of study on the subject that he treats.

Mr. Sidney S. Rider, Providence, has greatly enhanced the value of his precious "Rhode Island Historical Tracts" by publishing an Index to the first series (Nos. 1–19). One has but to give it a cursory glance to perceive that it is a little gazetteer and biographical dictionary in one. The rubrics Providence, Rhode Island, Newport, Samuel Gorton, Roger Williams, William Coddington, are ready examples. Some additions and corrections to the Tracts are noted in a preface and duly incorporated in the Index.

The first memorial to reach us of the tercentenary of the death of Tasso (April 25) is that of the San Sebastian Circolo Romano di Studi, a folio of 72 pages freely illustrated with portraits, views, and an autograph of the poet. The Pope himself gracefully leads the list of contributors, of whom De Gubernatis is perhaps the most widely known. The various works of Tasso and his own personality are commented on in various phases, and there are several valuable bibliographical articles. Prof. A. Avoli recommends the study of his letters; Alfonso Bartoli, with many curious details concerning the numerous editions of the 'Gerusalemma Liberata,' concludes that the most authentic and the most approved by the author (amid his general dislike for all) was that of Febo Bonnà, published by Baldini at Ferrara in 1581. Dr. G. Fortebracci points out the sources of certain passages in the same poem. Prof. E. Fabiani reviews the many attempts to dramatize the life of Tasso, and this theme is pursued by Prof. B. Morsolin in his notice of the "Torquato Tasso" of Jacopo Cabianca. And, to conclude our partial summary of the contents with the most interesting of all, Prof. E. Salvadori gives copious examples of Tasso's marginal annotations of the 'Divine Comedy.'

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Prof. Langdell's connection with the Harvard Law School is gracefully recognized by his present and former colleagues in the faculty of that institution by the dedication to him of a series of essays which constitute the May number of the *Harvard Law Review*. The essays are for the most part sufficiently technical and recondite, but it is worthy of notice by the laity that Prof. Thayer attributes the exceptional liberality of Massachusetts law in the admission of the testimony of witnesses which the common law would exclude, in part to the presence of Quakers and Indians. The former refused to swear, and the belief of the latter in false gods made their oaths extremely unsatisfactory to the Puritan lawyers. But as their evidence, like that of the negroes in the Southern States, was frequently necessary, concessions were made which undermined the common-law rule. Prof. J. C. Gray, it may be added, in his essay upon judicial precedents, brings out the true nature of the doctrine known as *stare decisis*, to which the income-tax litigation has given such prominence. "The highest courts of the respective States, as well as the Supreme Court of the United States, all consider that they have the power to depart from their former rulings, however inexpedient it may be to exercise it."

Recent bulletins of the Museum of Compara-

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tive Zoölogy at Harvard College give accounts of observations made by Alexander Agassiz on the Bahamas and Bermudas. Along with many other students of coral reefs and islands in recent years, Agassiz doubts the sufficiency of Darwin's theory of their origin. "Investigators have been carried away by the simplicity of the theory of subsidence propounded by Darwin, and it is only of late years, since a mass of observations have been made which could not be explained by the prevailing theory, that we have at last realized how complicated the problem is." No substitute theory is offered, the later bulletin closing with: " . . . how little we as yet know of the history of the formation of coral reefs."

The origin of Lake Zurich is ably summarized by Aeppli in the thirty-fourth number of the reports on the geological map of Switzerland. Basing his conclusions on the studies of Heim, Wettstein, Penck, Dupasquier, and others, Aeppli shows that the valley in which the lake lies was eroded after the first glacial epoch, by which the high-level gravels (*Deckenschotter*) were spread over the Alpine foreland; and that, by a transverse orogenic deformation, the valley was locally depressed and converted into a lake before the advent of the glaciers of later epochs. The problem thus solved is of peculiar interest, because Lake Zurich is one of the many piedmont lakes whose origin by glacial erosion has been confidently announced by many geologists; but it now appears that the peculiar features of valley formation and deformation with which the lake is intimately associated cannot be explained, either in process or in time, by glacial action.

In the *Annales de Géographie* for April, M. Émile Gautier gives an account, chiefly orographical, of western Madagascar, the results of his travels during the last three years in that island. It is accompanied by an excellent map, colored so as to show the various heights. M. Ed. Blanc treats of the construction of the Transcaspian Railway, dwelling especially upon the difficulties encountered in bridging the Oxus, and the methods adopted (not yet satisfactory, however) for protecting the track from the blowing sand. Comparing it with the proposed Trans-Saharan line, he calls attention to the fact that in no part of the Russian road are the dunes more than eighteen metres high, while in the great desert they are sometimes more than a hundred. The sand also has a stability, being covered with snow at least once in the year, which it does not have in Africa. The French, again, will find it vastly more difficult to secure a sufficient supply of water for their road, or a fuel as cheap as the refuse petroleum used by the Russians.

The London *Journal of Education* for May prints in a supplement the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache's "Recollections of Jowett." An intimacy of many years, with notes of several conversations, furnishes Mr. Tollemache with much new and rich material; while his appreciations of Jowett are based on kindred tastes and studies, and a wide acquaintance with the men and movements in the midst of which the Master of Balliol passed his life. Short of his forthcoming biography, we know not where to look for more light on the man and his opinions.

—Chitral and some incidents of a residence in it two years ago are described in an entertaining way by Capt. F. E. Younghusband in the *Geographical Journal* for May. He mentions, among other things, seeing in the neighboring state of Hunza a watercourse constructed by the natives for artificial irrigation, which in one part went through a tunnel "scooped out entirely with ibex-horns." Iron tools, he adds, "were until recently almost unknown in the country." This recalls the fact that the Siwashes of our northwest coast still shape their cedar canoes with buck-horn adzes. Capt. S. L. Hinde gives a rather gruesome account of the Belgian expedition which he accompanied across the Free State, and which destroyed the strongholds of the Arab slave-hunters on the upper Congo. One of their towns had four gates, "each approached by a very handsome pavement of human skulls. . . . I counted more than two thousand skulls in the pavement of one gate alone. Almost every tree forming the boma was crowned with a human skull." One of the principal results of the destruction of the great market towns of Nyangwe and Kasongo will be the diversion of the interior trade from Zanzibar to the Atlantic by the Congo. Within a few years there has been considerable activity shown in developing parts of the Free State territories. On the Kasai, three years ago, there was but one station. Now there are fourteen belonging to different companies. At that time there were no stations on the Sankuru. At present twelve are engaged in the collection of enormous quantities of India-rubber. Prof. B. H. Chamberlain tells of the distinctive customs of the Luchu islanders. Referring to the absolute seclusion of the ladies, he says that Japanese who have been long residents in the islands declare that they have never seen a Luchuan lady. On the other hand, every Japanese trader arriving in Luchu engages one of the numerous hetairæ, "to whom he intrusts everything, even to the management of his mercantile affairs; and when he departs, the girl sells to best advantage the articles confided to her charge, so that when her master comes back again she is able to render him a satisfactory account in which there is never any error or prevarication to the amount of a single penny." She keeps accounts involving tens of thousands of cash by means of knots tied in cords. The principal product of the islands is sugar, of which about thirty-four million pounds is annually exported to Japan. The Japanese are endeavoring to educate the children, and at the entrance to each village there is now written up the number of inhabitants and the number of children of school age.

—The National Sculpture Society's first independent exhibition, which closes to-day, has proved a success both as to the number of visitors and as to the general interest shown by the art-loving public. Sculpture other than portrait sculpture, has heretofore been to this community a matter of museums—a matter of casts and of archæology. The few pieces of sculpture which decorate the fronts of New York buildings are placed high, and are lost in the size and mass of the large façade; moreover, the public has never learned to look for them, and then it is certain that they do not seriously modify the architectural effect. One who has frequented the galleries during the present exhibition, however, will have noted a very general interest in sculpture of all sorts—in statues and in reliefs, in large and in small pieces, in everything, in short, except pure decoration, for which nobody cares in this community except a few collectors. The pieces of pure sculpturesque imagining, such as Mr. C. H. Niehaus's "Scraper," or athlete using the strigil; Mr. J. S. Hartley's "Whirlwind," Mr. Olin Warner's "Diana," and Mr. F. W. Macmonnies's "Diana," "The Bacchante," and other statuettes; narrative pieces, such as Mr. Daniel C. French's "Gallaudet Teaching the Deaf-Mute Child," the bronze of which is in Washington; Mr. J. Q. A. Ward's "Pilgrim," the bronze of which is in Central Park, and Mr. H. A. Macneil's small bronze "Primitive Indians' Music"; even the portrait busts in all their varieties, from Mr. Ward's dignified work, No. 163, to Mr. Warner's baby bronze "Rosalie," in her tight-fitting cap, have received at least a part of the attention which is their due. Architectural sculpture itself it is well to see and judge in the gallery and in the plaster. Mr. Philip Martiny's "Commerce," as it stands in this exhibition, will send its admirers to his caryatids of the *Mail and Express* building. Mr. J. Massy Rhind's "Agriculture" we shall all look for when put up on the front of the American Surety Company's building, and from this we shall all look to the other five severe and formal figures which will stand in rank with it above our heads on Broadway. Mr. Warner's caryatids in the octagon gallery have done their work in a temporary structure, but may perhaps be called upon again: their artistic ability is not exhausted, and if there ever was a case for replicas, this is one. Mr. Herbert Adams's memorial bas-relief is known to a few as it is in the marble in the Judson Memorial Church; to see it here in the original plaster and in another light is a definite gain for art students. Mr. Karl Bitter's immense panel "Transportation" is now shown for the first time, and will be seen next in terracotta and in the waiting-room of a Philadelphia railway station. This work is so novel in significance, and in composition so strong and self-assertive, that it cannot be studied in too many lights or from too many points of view, physical and moral. In this exhibition the tree ferns mask its two extremities, and the design it is impossible to see in its completeness; moreover, the light has never been quite suited to its proper exhibition; the more need that all lovers of decorative sculpture should see it in Philadelphia when put up in its permanent place. Is there reason to hope that it will be better lighted there?

—The discovery by the public that the plasters are the true originals and deserve at least as careful study as the marble or the bronze, would alone suffice to justify this exhibition. Would it be impracticable to provide a permanent home for these same plasters? They are destroyed either in the bronze foundry or in the marble-cutter's shop, or else deliberately because no sculptor can find room to shelter them. Works that have been erected in bronze or in marble, in Washington, in the West, in the South, might have been shown in their original plaster at this exhibition, but that rents are too high, studios too small, statues too big. What if New York possessed a fire-proof structure, no matter how remote, no matter how plain and unarchitectural a place, where, in a good light and free from injury, the best of our annual production could be preserved? It would be invaluable for sculptors and for students, and even the general public would find it nearly as attractive as any permanent picture gallery. The National Sculpture Society might undertake this task with the certainty of ultimate if not immediate success.

—A joint-stock company of artists, men of letters, and patrons of art has been formed in Berlin for the purpose, among others, of publishing a periodical "devoted to creative art and to all the interests which spring from art and have no purposes but the promotion of

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art." *Pan* is the name selected, as well for the association as for the periodical, of which latter the first number (for April and May) has just been received here (G. E. Stechert). In more ways than one it departs from the beaten path of art magazines. Its size is quarto, or, to be exact, 11x14½ inches; and although it contains only forty-eight pages and twelve full-page plates, it is printed on such heavy paper that its thickness is half an inch. Everything about it is lavishly artistic, even down to a minor detail like the tissue paper which protects the engravings and each sheet of which differs from the others in the design embossed on it like a water-mark. The typography is in itself a work of art, and offers a bewildering variety, a fantastic attempt being made to use for each article the precise kind of type adapted to the subject. Thus, a metrical translation of a weird Norwegian poem by Arne Garborg is so printed and illustrated as to resemble the mediæval German chap-books. The "motive" of the poem is a dance of villagers, every one of whom is shadowed by a beast expressive of his or her inmost character, as a bear, a goat, a sow, a goose, etc. Then, again, a French sonnet of Stéphane Mallarmé is reproduced in autograph. The illustrations offer specimens of the various species of engraving and process work. There is a fine heliogravure of a painting by Arnold Boecklin, "Perseus and Andromeda," an original etching by Max Liebermann, an original "vernis-mou" by Félicien Rops, a woodcut portrait of R. Schumann by Felix Vallotton, reproductions of two of Albrecht Dürer's rarer woodcuts, process-etchings of paintings by Fritz von Uhde and James Whistler, and of sculptures by Gustav Vigeland and Max Klinger. There is an original "glyptograph," a Sappho, by Maurice Dumont. The term glyptograph is a new name for a new thing—an embossed or relief print in water-color produced by pressing a sheet of damp paper into the depressions of a mould. The French call such prints "estampes de sculpteurs."

—The letterpress has somewhat of a *fin de siècle* cast, and several of the contributors belong to Max Nordau's company of degenerates, notably Friedrich Nietzsche and Paul Verlaine. The French poem of Verlaine, however, is unusually sane and intelligible, and inspired by a grim and acrid humor. Of indubitable literary importance is the opening chapter of a forthcoming volume of reminiscences by Theodor Fontane, poet and novelist, who has just celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. Here, too, there is humor, but of a delightfully sunny and genial kind. If the whole book continues in the same strain, there is little risk in promising it an enthusiastic reception and an enduring fame. There is also an extract from another work soon to appear, a treatise on medals, by Alfred Lichtwark. The mode of publication of *Pan* is quite original. For its first year five numbers are announced, three of them bi-monthly, the other two quarterly, with a total output of 240 pages of text and seventy plates of illustrations. There are three editions, the general one of 1,500 copies, of which the subscription price is 75 marks ($18) a year, the *édition de luxe*, seventy numbered copies, 160 marks, and an artists' edition of thirty copies, not offered to the public, but reserved for stockholders; the owner of thirty 100 mark shares receiving a copy free, *in perpetuo*, while the owner of a single share pays 300 marks for it, with a sliding scale between these two extremes. The holder of twenty shares receives the *édition de luxe* free; of ten shares, the ordinary edition. Single copies of the latter cost twenty and thirty marks, according to size. *Pan* contains no advertisements.

—'Für meine Freunde' (Giessen: Roth) is a delightful volume of personal reminiscences by the eminent physiologist and physician Jacob Moleschott, who was born August 9, 1822, at Hertogenbosch in Holland, and died May 20, 1893, at Rome, where he had practised his profession and held the chair of physiology in the University since 1879. He pursued his studies almost entirely in Germany, first in the Gymnasium at Cleves and afterwards in the University of Heidelberg, where he was graduated as Doctor of Medicine in 1845. In order to be qualified to practise medicine in Holland it was necessary to have a diploma from a Dutch university; he therefore went to Leyden, where he passed a second examination, a so-called *colloquium doctum*, which, as the name implies, was little more than a pleasant conversation with the principal members of the medical faculty, for a couple of hours, on therapeutics and especially on endemic diseases in Holland. He then settled in Utrecht and devoted all the time he could spare from his professional duties to anatomical and physiological researches in connection with Mulder, Donders, and Van Deen; but his longing for a larger sphere of activity as a scientific investigator led him to habilitate in 1847 as privatdocent in the University of Heidelberg, where he was not only remarkably successful as a teacher, but also wrote several of his most important works, of which 'Lehre der Nahrungsmittel' and 'Der Kreislauf des Lebens' passed through five editions and made his reputation as a physiologist. It was in the book on food that, in speaking of the constitution and functions of the brain, he used the expression, "Without phosphorus no thought"; and Ludwig Feuerbach summed up its contents in the terse phrase, "Man is what he eats." Hunger is now generally recognized by scientists as the one great original impulse to human effort, and therefore the primal source of all civilization, and the means taken to appease it exert an immense influence upon the growth and character of the individual and the race and form an essential element of human culture. But Moleschott's theory of nutrition, although approved and openly endorsed by men like Humboldt, was caviare to the senate of the University of Heidelberg, who informed Moleschott that unless he ceased to corrupt the youth by his lectures and publications, the *venia docendi*, or permission to teach, would be withdrawn. The students published a vigorous protest against this defamation of their highly esteemed teacher, who, nevertheless, resolved to sever his connection with an institution in which the liberty of instruction existed only in name. Two years later, in 1856, he accepted a professorship in Zurich, whence he was called in 1861 to a similar position in Turin. The volume closes with an account of his life at the Swiss University.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

A CASUAL list, prepared by some one in England, of forty living English poets has been expanded by some reverential American into "fifty masters of strong and vigorous English verse," and is going the rounds with steadily increasing numbers and epithets; and will probably reach the expanded assertion of a hundred living Englishmen, all Shaksperes. It is quite in keeping with our still lingering literary colonialism. So utterly mediocre are many of the names thus given in the English lists that they could easily be paralleled from the *Magazine of Poetry*. Thus much for quality, and for quantity it may fairly be said that the number of new poets, so called, appearing annually in this country is far greater than in England. As to their tendencies, as we have several times pointed out, the American bards are cruder and also more fresh and genuine; the Englishmen have more of artificiality and of cant, especially of French cant; when one strikes the balance, there is not much to choose.

The most interesting of the new brood of English poets are unquestionably of Celtic race, and often Catholics; and it is a remarkable fact that the most noticeable recent names on each side of the water are of that same faith—Francis Thompson in England and Father Tabb in America. The former, at least, dwells with a Brotherhood; the latter is a veritable priest, and also a Virginian, although his work is described in foreign newspapers as an emanation of the Puritan and New England muse. The true phenomenon, however, goes deeper than this. Non-Puritan though they be, the verses of this author—'Poems, by John B. Tabb' (Boston: Copeland)—show the most singular analogy here and there with those of the most Puritan and self-contained of New England women, Emily Dickinson. There are pages here which might as well have appeared in either of her volumes—the same fine, shy, recluse observation of nature and of men, and the same terse brevity of utterance. Take, for instance, the poem of Father Tabb on "The Humming Bird" (p. 59):

> "A flash of harmless lightning,
> A mist of rainbow dyes,
> The burnished sunbeams brightening
> From flower to flower he flies;
> While wakes the nodding blossom
> But just too late to see
> What lip hath touched her bosom
> And drained her rosary."

Now turn to Emily Dickinson (i., 130):

> "A route of evanescence
> With a revolving wheel;
> A resonance of emerald,
> A rush of cochineal;
> And every blossom on the bush
> Adjusts its tumbled head—
> The mail from Tunis, probably,
> An easy morning's ride."

The woman's characterization is far more terse and vigorous, with more of motion and of color; she does not, like the man, sentimentalize a little bit over the blossom and her wooer, but who can help seeing the analogy? Probably Father Tabb had never heard of Emily Dickinson, nor she of him, when these poems were written; and it would be easy to insist too much on the analogy of mental attitude between the celibate woman and the celibate priest. But note again the resemblance in this bit of fancy, which might have come equally well out of either collection of poems, but is really from Father Tabb's (p. 108):

> THE TAX-GATHERER.
>
> And pray, who are you?
> Said the violet blue
> To the Bee, with surprise
> At his wonderful size,
> To her eyeglass of dew.
>
> "I, madam," quoth he,
> "Am a publican Bee,
> Collecting the tax
> On honey and wax.
> Have you nothing for me?"

There are depths reached by Emily Dickinson, in her strange way, which Father Tabb does not reach; but he touches a far greater variety of interests, and shows constantly the sense of finish and of form on the larger scale, qualities the want of which was so plain in her. There are poems like Herrick or Vaughan in their

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delicate perfection, pieces of almost flawless chiselling, as, for instance, this (p. 33):

GRIEF SONG.

New grief, new tears;—
Brief the reign of sorrow;
Clouds that gather with the night
Scatter on the morrow.

Old grief, old tears;—
Come and gone together;
Not a fleck upon the sky
Telling whence or whither.

Old grief, new tears;—
Deep to deep is calling;
Life is but a passing cloud
Whence the rain is falling.

When we add that no recent poet has written with more longing tenderness of woman's love, and with more delicious playful fondness of childhood and infancy, the reader must needs wonder what early joys and sorrows went to the making of this poet.

His little volume is dedicated to Sidney Lanier, who was, it is understood, his fellow-soldier in the Confederate Army and, finally, fellow-prisoner. To Lanier's fine gifts we have before paid tribute, and his 'Select Poems' (Scribners) have now been carefully brought together, with a fairly good introduction and an excellent series of notes and bibliography, by Dr. Morgan Callaway, jr., of the University of Texas, who perhaps acts indiscreetly in giving five lines of the small title-page to himself and his laurels, with only one for Lanier. The introductory memoir has sometimes a trite flavor, too, as when the writer gravely remarks, "Like most great poets of modern times, Lanier was a sincere lover of nature" (p. xxxi). Nevertheless, the editing is so good, and the poems themselves have a lyrical cadence so rare, that all must prize this little collection.

In 'Chocorua's Tenants,' by the late Frank Bolles (Houghton), we have rather a *tour de force* than a poem, because every experiment in the Kalevala measure, even Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' appears a little remote and borrowed, like a spinning-wheel in a modern parlor. But Mr. Bolles's observation was so fine and delicate, and his thought so sympathetic—coming far nearer to Thoreau, in these respects, than Burroughs, Torrey, or any other of Thoreau's successors—that the book renews the sense of that large loss experienced by American literature in his early death. In this book the jay and kingfisher, with the rarer grouse and log-cock, come before us as they actually dwell around Chocorua. The volume is full of those delicate bird-notes which grow only finer as the landscape becomes more shaggy; and, with the steady disappearance of wild quadrupeds, it is something that the birds remain and have here found their chronicler. 'In Woods and Fields,' by Augusta Larned (Putnams), has not the fine touch of Mr. Bolles, but she handles more varied measures, and the very titles of her poems—"Milkweed," "Clover Fields," "Wood Mould," "The Herb Sellers," "The Threshing Floor," "The Veery"—show a fresh and sympathetic mind. She is, however, careless of her measures, and almost hopelessly negligent as to her rhymes, disfiguring by the jangle of her terminations a poem so fresh and aromatic as her "Milkweed" (p. 66), which begins thus:

"Small spinner of the fields,
Where are thy fairy reels?
Thy busy spindles fine,
To mesh this silken twine?

"I know thy distaff green,
Fretting the satin sheen
Of thread more delicate
Than wrought Ulysses' mate.

"Thou art all fantasy,
Like some fond poet,—he
Who from his heart untwines
The stuff of mazy rhymes."

Whoever opens a book by Charles Godfrey Leland may always count upon the same rattling spirits, the same versatile deftness of touch, and the same disappointment. 'Songs of the Sea and Idyls of the Land' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan) illustrates this assertion. The last half of the book, moreover, is mere dialect and border-tale; but the first has more unique attraction, being a series of sea-songs of the old pattern, supposed to be sung in a circle of mariners now dead and gone, who tell stories and sing around the fire of an old sailors' tavern at the "North End" of Boston, as they did before the race of sailors proper (or improper) had ceased to be, and before successive waves of Irish, Italians, and Russians had transformed that region by distinct stages. In the book the seamen sing songs which are, as the author frankly admits, made up of all manner of snatches and borrowings, woven into lays that all have a flavor of salt in them and recall the voyages of half a century ago, when voyages meant something. The following, for instance, brings back the period when sailors were sailors indeed, and sung as they heaved at the capstan. Rudyard Kipling seems very over-dramatic when we revert to Leland's "Time for us to go" (p. 64):

"With sails let fall and sheeted home, and clear of the ground were we,
We passed the bank, stood round the Light, and sailed away to sea;
"The wind was fair and the coast was clear, and the brig was noways slow,
For she was built in Baltimore, and 'twas time for us to go.

"Time for us to go,
Time for us to go,
For she was built in Baltimore and 'tis time for us to go."

James Whitcomb Riley is even surer of his audience than Leland; and though 'Armazindy' (Indianapolis: Bowen-Mitchell) is not one of his best volumes, yet it has its own quality, and preserves the traditions of homely pathos which he can still strike at will. Eugene Field's 'Love Songs of Childhood' (Scribners) has the vivacity and attractiveness which always belong to this author's writings, sometimes cheapened a little, in this case, for his younger auditors, but saved by a hearty love for them. Mr. Field is very impressible; we often see the influence of Riley and sometimes of 'Alice's Adventures'; but these are good models in dealing with children, and the doubtful phrase "love-song" is justified by a very loving dedication of the ballads to—his aunt!

'Philoctetes,' by J. E. Nesmith (privately printed at the Riverside Press), is strongest where it is most local, and celebrates the Colorado Cañons with a vigor that may well preserve the author's name. The title-poem is less really vigorous, though more ambitious. In 'The Moods of a Soul,' by Louis M. Elshemus (Buffalo: Moulton), we see the hopeless condition of a man of susceptible mind without a saving sense of humor. It is difficult to tell what is to help a man who can soberly print passages like this (p. 54):

"I've seen my love grow amorous,
She who methought could never love me;
She walked, as sails an albatross,
And ever clapped her hands above me!"

Or this (p. 69):

"My rare Marie, none have I seen like her:
Rare roses bubbling on rare lavender
Her cheeks were—and her flirting eye!"

Or this (p. 93):

"Mewould to sing, and sing, till with my strain
I melt into the ether's boundless home—
Away from all these sins and tears to roam—
Away from fame, from wrong, from hate and pain!
Far, far, with my dear lyre at my glow-side."

It will not be difficult for Mr. Elshemus to remain at a distance from fame unless he can become a severer critic on himself.

'Wayside Poems,' by Wallace Bruce (Harpers), are of the same honest, Scotch-Irish, often unpoetic quality shown in this author's 'Homestead Poems'; but they may have been read or sung with screaming applause at lodge-meetings or international gatherings, and they have many illustrations of Scotch and Irish castles and places full of association. 'God's Parable, and Other Poems,' by Susannah Massey (Putnams), has in it some fruits of travel, offering pretty *chansons* and dramatic scenes from various lands. 'A Light through the Storm,' by Charles A. Keeler (San Francisco: Doxey), has some local coloring and a little fire, but not very much. A good deal of frost is offered, on the other hand, by 'The White Tsar, and Other Poems,' by Henry Bedlow, illustrated by J. Steeple Davis (Tait & Sons). It is a book issued in what the newspapers call a "sumptuous" style, as to paper, type, and margin, but both the poetry and illustrations are in the last degree turgid and sensational. The White Tsar is the polar bear, a symbol in itself rather poetic, and capable of being effectively handled under better auspices.

'Poems, Second Edition, and Later Poems,' by the Rev. Edward Octavus Flagg, D.D. (Whittaker), is a volume dwelling wholly within the realm of commonplace; but this could scarcely have been the case with the prose sermon which the author delivered, as the preface tells us, at the funeral of that eminent sinner, Col. James Fisk, jr., of whose militia regiment he was the chaplain. "Col. Fisk told his private secretary that his purpose was to erect for the Doctor ultimately as handsome a church as could be found in the city of New York" (p. vii). It seems a little unjust that, after all this suggested favor, there should be in the volume no tuneful commemoration of so willing a benefactor. Even the poem "I Love My Church" (p. 240) appears to refer to some actual, not merely potential church, and the name of "Col. Fisk" is not mentioned.

We are glad to do a somewhat tardy justice to a volume of poems too much ignored by critics thus far, 'The Wind in the Clearing, and Other Poems,' by Robert Cameron Rogers (Putnams). To begin with, the title poem is one of the best things in the book—a rare circumstance, since poets are apt to use their heaviest production for this precedence. The office of the wind in the imaginary clearing is to give voice to the fallen trees, the dried-up brooks, and the vanished men, and to raise the question whether the world has gained, altogether, by the destruction. It should be printed as a circular by the Forestry Commission; and no volume of war poetry should be regarded as complete without "The Colonel's Story" (p. 69), a thoroughly vigorous tale of daring and death, whose only defect is that it is too long to be here quoted. While the Forestry Commission does this work, it might also include the charming little volume 'Wild Flower Sonnets,' by Emily Shaw Forman, with illustrations by Abbot Graves (Boston: Knight). No better antidote can be imagined for the lark-and-nightingale weakness than this thoroughly indigenous and loving series of sonnets; and every friend of wild flowers should carry the little book into the country, as a summer manual. The author is so thoroughly well-informed that she even celebrates the most shy and refined of all American flowers—the Sabbatia of Plymouth, Mass., and the Narragansett country.

SABBATIA.

Upon the margin of a reedy pond,
Held in the hollow of low, rounded hills,
Where Silence, like a presence, broods and thrills,

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I found Sabbatia. As a lover fond,
Flying the mistress of his heart to greet,
Forgets the world in reading her sweet eyes,
And cries, "For me God makes a paradise!"
So, kneeling, happy, at Sabbatia's feet,
Bathed in the sunshine of her rosy smile,
I murmured, "'Twas for me she grew so fair."
For answer, lightly glided here and there
A blue-winged dragon-fly; a bird the while
Trilled one clear note; tall rushes stirred, and near
I caught the glisten of the sun-dew's tear.

'Poems of William Haines Lytle,' edited with memoir by William H. Venable (Cincinnati: Clarke Co.), is an exceptional book, in this respect, that the memoir is more interesting than the poems. Gen. Lytle was the fourth of his family to wear a military title, the first of this line having served in the Old French War and being afterwards one of the Kentucky pioneers. Gen. William Haines Lytle was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, and it is recorded of him that when pulling on his gloves for this last contest, he explained the pains he had taken with his toilet by saying: "I have tried to live like a gentleman and I propose to die like one" (p. 48). He died at thirty-eight, and it is possible that added years might have brought more intellectual fruit from this young hero. But this volume contains nothing above mediocrity, unless it be his one celebrated poem, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," and this owes its fame mainly to the five words from Shakspere which give its keynote, and which are simply extended into a turgid and sonorous poem that belongs to the same department with that stock bit of prose pomposity, "Spartacus the Gladiator." There exists a demand for such products in country academies, but they do not belong to literature. Mr. Venable, however, remarks that it is "unrivalled in popularity by anything yet written in the Ohio valley, excepting Kinney's beautiful lyric, 'The Rain on the Roof.'" The same quality of turgidness belongs to 'Songs of Dusk and Dawn,' by Walter Malone (Buffalo: Moulton); but it is to be counted to this author for righteousness that he celebrates the red-bird and the mocking-bird. In the same way Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton, in 'The Inevitable, and Other Poems' (Crowell), gives merit to a volume, not otherwise remarkable, by studies from life of the American robin and of "The Coloring of the Grapes." Mr. Warren Holden, also, whose numerous volumes are apt to be rather monotonous, strikes, in his 'Many Moods' (*Philadelphia: Lippincott*), a strong and real note when he comes to describe "The Whaleman" (p. 21).

A delicate little volume, privately printed, by Mrs. Emma Endicott Marean of Cambridge, Mass., is called simply 'Eighteen,' because it holds that number of modest poems for a daughter's eighteenth birthday. Many a book of poems having greater pretensions might be glad to include a single note struck so firmly and clearly as this:

CHOICE.

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.
—*Edwin Arnold.*

Nor low, nor high! My heart learned once that prayer,
That humble prayer, that asks the steady glow
Of moderation only: seeks to know
The strength of slow successes; fears to share
Ambitions sweet, tempting to heights more fair.
A simple life, attuned nor high nor low,
May gain a heaven, escape from bitter woe,
Nor need to greatly suffer, greatly dare.

Take back Thy gift of peace! I claim the smart
And ache of passion for a vision high!
Make me Thy instrument, and justify
This longing once Thy message to impart!
Awake one song to stir a hero's heart,
Then let the tense strings break, the music die!

THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS.—II.

The Migration of Symbols. By the Count Goblet d'Alviella. With an introduction by Sir George Birdwood. Westminster: Constable & Co. 1894.

THE Sacred Cone of Mesopotamia has been already referred to, but the western Semites also worshipped their great goddess under the image of a conical stone, or bethel. Its figurative representation plays a most important part in all their graphic arts, and is found alike on monuments, amulets, and coins. On some Phœnician monuments there is to be seen superadded to the cone a horizontal cross-bar, on the middle of which rests a handle. This shape bears a striking resemblance to the *crux ansata*, the so-called Key of Life, of the ancient Egyptians. This is the most frequently to be met with of any of their emblems. It is a T-shaped cross, surmounted by a handle or loop, whose hieroglyphic name is *ankh*, and its signification 'to live.' As an emblem of life, representing the male and female principles united, it is always borne in the hands of the gods, it is poured from a jar over the head of the King in a species of baptism, and it is laid symbolically on the lips of the mummy to revive it. Now the *crux ansata* certainly was not formed under the influence of the sacred Cone; but both were equally employed with the same import as a symbol of life conceived of in its widest and most abstract meaning, and as a talisman of the highest protective power. From Egypt the *crux ansata* spread first among the Phœnicians, and then through out the whole Semitic world, from Sardinia to Susiana. Thus there arose the possibility of it and the cone easily passing from one to the other without material alteration in their respective forms, or there even came a blending of the two shapes in a third which preserved their essentials. Indeed it might be said that such is one of the laws of symbolism. This influence of the one form upon the other is met with even among the Greeks, under whose genius the rude conical stone was not long in developing into the human shape. The Ephesian Artemis, with her head encircled with a halo, her forearms projecting from either side of the body, and her lower members wedged into a case, is an anthropomorphized *crux ansata*. In later times the Coptic Christians employed the same emblem in the place of the Greek or Latin cross, and even used it to portray the Chrism, the monogram formed out of the first two letters of the name of Christ. When we see how often dissimilar objects came to borrow each other's forms, and were made to blend with each other, we are forced to the conclusion, says our author, that no combination is unacceptable to symbolism when an amalgamation of ideas or beliefs is to be strengthened through such blending of the images by which they are expressed.

The Winged Globe was one of the most widely spread and most venerated symbols. It has been called the Egyptian symbol *par excellence*, and from that country it spread, under various modifications, throughout the whole of the Old World. It is formed out of a combination of the various representations of the sun that have prevailed in different localities in Egypt, whose whole mythology has been said to have ended by becoming a solar drama. Two uræus snakes, or asps, with heads erect, are twisted round a globe-shaped disk, behind which are the outstretched wings of a hawk, and on its top the horns of a goat. It was intended to commemorate the victory of the principle of light and good over that of darkness and evil. It spread readily among the Phœnicians, where it is found suspended over the sacred tree and the sacred cone, and was carried wheresoever their art was introduced—westward to Carthage, Sicily, Sardinia, and Cyprus, eastward to western Asia. Very early it penetrated on the north to the Hittites; and when it reached Mesopotamia in the time of the Sargonidæ, the winged circle assumed the shape of the wheel or rosette, surmounted by a scroll with upcurled extremities and with a feathered tail opening out like a fan; or a human figure in an attitude sometimes of benediction, sometimes warlike, was inscribed within the disk. Then it was no longer exclusively a solar emblem, but served to express the general idea of divinity. From Mesopotamia it passed into Persia, principally in the anthropoid type. It was, however, never adopted by Greece, and it is nowhere met with in Europe, except, as before stated, in the Mediterranean islands. When Greece took over from Asia symbolic combinations, in which it was originally represented, she replaced it by the thunderbolt. But our author believes that the aureole, or halo, which encircles the heads of her divinities, and which Christian art has borrowed from the classic, was directly derived from it. What have been sometimes supposed to be instances of its occurrence in the New World he is inclined to consider mere accidental resemblances.

The Caduceus is one of the symbolic figures which have most tried the patience of scholars. Its classic type, a winged rod round which two serpents are symmetrically entwined, is due to the mythographers of later times, and is very remote from its primitive form. In the Homeric Hymn it is called "the golden rod, three-petalled of happiness and wealth," which Phœbus gave to the youthful Hermes; but on early Greek monuments the three leaves are represented by a disk surmounted by an incomplete circle. In this shape it constantly appears on Phœnician monuments, and at Carthage, where it seems to have been essentially a solar emblem, it is nearly always associated with the sacred cone. The question has been raised whether it may not have been borrowed by the Phœnicians from the Greeks; but this is improbable, as it is likewise found on the Hittite monuments, where it could not possibly have been an importation from Greece. On them it assumes the form of a globe surmounted by horns. Numerous origins and manifold antecedents have been attributed to it, such as an equivalent of the thunderbolt, a form of the sacred tree, or a combination of the solar globe with the lunar crescent. Some examples seem clearly to indicate a transition from the sacred tree, surmounted by the solar disk, to the form of the caduceus of the Hittites. Our author believes it was employed originally as a religious or military standard or flag, and that it was gradually modified by coming in contact with other symbols. Some Assyrian bas-reliefs display a military standard, sometimes consisting of a large ring placed upon a staff with two loose bandelets attached, sometimes of a winged globe similarly disposed. If on top of such a ring there be placed a pair of horns, symbols of divine power among the Mesopotamians, or the crescent of the moon so frequently coupled with the globe in the religious imagery of the Phœnicians, the result will be the Punic caduceus. This Assyrian military standard may be considered to be the prototype of the *labarum*, which Constantine, after his conversion to Christianity, chose for his own standard, and which might equally well have been claimed

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as a symbol by the worshippers of the sun. Under the type of its latest transformation in Greece, too, a winged rod with two serpents twined round it, it has come down to our own times to represent two of the functions of Hermes, more than ever in vogue among men, industry and commerce. It has survived in India to the present day under the form of two serpents entwined, probably introduced in the track of Alexander the Great. It is also to be met with in that country in earlier times in its simpler form, resembling our astronomical sign for the planet Mercury. This seems to be connected with the earliest type, formed from a disk surmounted by a crescent, and that form of the caduceus appears to have been confounded at a remote date in India with the trident, the last of the symbolic figures to which we shall refer.

The Trisula, the form of the trident peculiar to the Buddhists, was of great importance in the symbolism of the Hindus; but whether it was an imitation by them of the type of the thunderbolt to be seen on Assyrian sculptures, or was devised by them spontaneously, is uncertain. Its simplest form, which is, however, rarely to be met with, is an omicron surmounted by an omega. Nearly always the upper portion of the omicron is flanked by two small circles, or by two horizontal strokes, which often take the appearance of leaves or small wings. The points of the omega are generally changed into *fleurons;* and the disk itself is placed upon a pedestal. From its lower arc there fall two spires shaped like serpents' tails with the ends curving sometimes up and sometimes down. It will readily be seen that this is a very complex symbol. None of the Buddhist texts give any positive information in regard to its origin or meaning, and few symbols have given rise to more varied explanations. As it is found in ancient caves, in connection with other symbols of sun-worship, the simplest and most natural explanation would connect it primitively with such a creed. The upper part of the figure is frequently found separated from the lower; sometimes this is plainly a trident superposed upon a disk shaped nucleus. Now the worship of the sun under the form of a disk was widely spread over India in remote times; later the disk became a wheel, and this was converted by the Buddhists into their "wheel of the law." Thus the trident would be the secondary portion, and it may possibly have symbolized the flash of lightning, as did Neptune's trident among the Greeks; but more probably it is the image of the solar radiation. Among the northern Buddhists it personifies the heaven of pure flame superposed upon the heaven of the sun. Though undoubtedly a Hindu emblem, its primitive shape seems to have early felt the influence of the caduceus, while its more complex forms exhibit an unquestionable likeness to certain types of the winged globe. This is not to be wondered at, since the earliest art centres were Egypt and Mesopotamia; and as the Indian alphabets are of Semitic origin, their religious symbols may well have submitted to the same influence. In later times, after Alexander, a Hellenizing tendency from the Indo-Bactrians spread into western India, and this was succeeded by a veritable invasion of Iranian divinities under the Indo-Scythians. Then Buddhism, having learned under what emblems the neighboring religions represented their great divinities, sought to appropriate them by adoption with a new significance, or by assimilating them to their own symbols with slight alterations. Still later the trisula was converted by Brahmanism into an anthropoid figure, and became the image of Jagenath. Finally, the vegetable kingdom was also laid under contribution, and the trisula came into a resemblance of the Tree of Knowledge. Although we have learned the probable signification of its factors in the creeds that preceded Buddhism, we know very little about its meaning in the religion that made the most use of it. Some unpublished text may reveal the real significance of a symbol before which millions have bowed in reverence. But the plastic development of the trisula shows with what facility emblems of most dissimilar origin may merge into one another, when in their form or their meaning there are sufficient points of contact.

We will bring our notice to an end by touching briefly on a couple of the most remarkable instances of the migration of early symbolic types to our own time, the Double Headed Eagle of Austria and of Russia, and the Three Legs of Man. The Double-Headed Eagle first appears on those venerable sculptures at Eyuk (ancient Pteria), in Asia Minor, in the midst of religious scenes dating back to what is generally believed to be the ancient civilization of the Hittites. It has also been found upon a Persian intaglio attributed to the period of the Arsacidæ. It was seen, in 1217 A. D., on the standards and crowns of the Turkman conquerors of Asia Minor, adopted by them as the symbol of omnipotence. At the time of the Crusades certain Flemish princes copied it from the Turkmen; and in 1345 it replaced the single-headed eagle in the armorial bearings of the Holy Roman Empire. Since 1806 this has been represented by the dual state known as the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. The double-headed eagle first appeared in the cognizance of the Russian Empire in 1497, ten years after the marriage of Ivan III., who was first Grand Duke of Moscow to take the title of Czar of Muscovy, with the niece of Constantine Palæologus, last of the Byzantine Cæsars.

We have already seen that the sun was early typified under the shape of the *triscele*, or three-legged figure; this developed into a disk, from which radiated three human legs, bent as in the act of running and united at the thighs. In this form it is frequently to be seen upon coins of Lycia (about 480 B. C.), and it also occurs upon those of Sicily, in the time of Agathocles (317 B. C.). There, however, it symbolizes not the sun, but the configuration of the island, Trinacria, the island of Three Capes. The figure is also known under the name of the *triquetra*. When Alexander III. of Scotland took over the Isle of Man from the Norwegians, in 1266, he adopted this device, with which he had become familiar at the English court of Henry III., who had been made for a brief period the nominal sovereign of Sicily by Pope Innocent IV., and it has figured ever since in the coat-of-arms of the Isle of Man.

We are told by Sir George Birdwood that "one of Messrs. Archibald Constable & Company's special objects in publishing the present English translation of this work has been to bring it within the reach of the Schools of Art throughout the United Kingdom." In the interest of decorative design in this country we most cordially join with him in commending Count d'Alviella's "alluring book" to all similar institutions in the United States. Its numerous illustrations will furnish to them a storehouse of beautiful ornamentation.

Letters of a Baritone. By Francis Walker. Scribners.

Mr. Francis Walker is one of the rapidly diminishing class of musicians who believe that modern Italy is still the best country for studying the vocal art. He says that nearly all foreign students go at once to Milan, "where perhaps four-fifths of the operatic engagements for Italy are made." Milan is doubtless at present the centre of musical life in Italy, and Italian musical life is almost entirely operatic. Yet when we look at the facts, we find that during the past operatic season, which lasted from December 26 to April 7, the Milanese heard not one singer to whom first-class prices would be paid in London or New York, while the sixty-six performances were limited entirely to nine second and third-rate operas: "Manon," "Sigurd," "Patrie," "Pêcheurs de Perles," "I Medici," "Werther," "Samson," "Ratcliff," and "Silvano." Such a record must be discouraging to any student of song who knows that the opportunity to hear great singers and great music is of at least as much importance to his artistic development as correct instruction in vocal technique. This important consideration Mr. Walker ignores entirely in his plea for Italy. Nor does a perusal of his letters convey the impression that good voice-builders are more plentiful there than elsewhere. He admits that "the unscrupulous, plausible wrecker of voices is found everywhere"; and one of his objects in publishing his letters was to warn others against "the pitfalls of charlatanism." His own experience was not at first encouraging. His first teacher, highly recommended and popular, did not give him the thorough and radical treatment he needed in regard to the placing and delivering of the voice, but gave him delicate *salon* pieces and operatic scenas to sing. Accordingly, he finally gave him up in favor of another, who began by telling him, "Almost everything you do is wrong," and who really proved to be a good teacher.

From one point of view only does Mr. Walker convince the reader that Italy is still an ideal country for students of song, namely, in the matter of expense. For climatic and other reasons he did not dwell in Milan, but in Florence, where he paid $4 a month for a room and $3 a week for his meals at a restaurant, which included plenty of meat, macaroni, vegetables, cheese, pastry, and good bread and red wine. To his teacher he paid $30 a month for his daily lessons of an hour each—an amount, he says, which would have afforded him in New York five lessons of equal duration. These low fees, however, are, it appears, charged only to professional students, for Mr. Walker says of his first teacher that "he can fill up all the hours he wishes to devote to teaching with amateurs who gladly pay him double the professional fees."

Florentine teachers told Mr. Walker that "they are ever on the watch for American students, who are almost sure to have bright, fresh, vigorous voices." The English students almost always go to Milan, and "they are generally better musicians than the American young men, because they are almost sure to have had early training as choir-boys." While warning young students against voice-wreckers, Mr. Walker does not overlook the fact that teachers often have no chance to form artists because the youths and maidens of eighteen imagine that a course of two or three years ought to land them on the stage as great artists, commanding big salaries. He also warns them that merely technical study will

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make artisans but not artists of them, and that they ought to devote some of their time to reading good books on musical subjects. Many technical points are discussed at some length, but of all our author's hints the following is the most valuable: "More and more clearly what I have been doing makes me realize that the perfect, ideal voice is the outcome and the crown of a healthy body—an efflorescence, so to speak; and, of course, none but a healthy plant can produce a perfect flower"—a remark which may serve to counterbalance the writer's incompetent observations on Wagner's treatment of the voice.

While there is considerable padding in Mr. Walker's letters, there are also some pleasant glimpses of life in Italy, with suggestive remarks on the general condition of musical affairs. He found the military bands very good and impressive, whereas "the church organs are often very poor and badly played, *while there is rarely any good singing.*" In domestic circles he found that Liszt is "the demi-god of the piano in all Italy." In the opera-houses the Italians still show their lack of interest in everything except tunes and arias: "Over and over again in the course of the opera, the tide of careless, murmuring talk arose — never when any solo work was being done, but during the familiar ensemble portions which did not enchain the general interest." Of a certain singer he says that he is hardly the ideal tenor for "Faust," etc., "but the Italian public cares little for that. He sings—that is the main thing."

A History of the Baptist Churches in the United States. By A. H. Newman, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Church History, McMaster University, Toronto. [The American Church History Series.] New York: The Christian Literature Company. 1894. Pp. xv, 513.

For the volume under review Dr. Newman certainly deserves the gratitude of the religious body of which he is a member. He has told its story in a sympathetic spirit, and yet he has written with a careful and discriminating pen, and has plainly endeavored, with much success, to present its controversies with those within and without the number of the professed adherents to its principles with judicial fairness. Occasionally, as in his treatment of the Disciples, Dr. Newman sounds a moderately polemic note; but these slight exceptions only make more apparent the self-restraint of the writer's customary treatment of those from whom he differs. This readiness to admit the faults as well as to extol the virtues of the Baptist communions, which is perhaps the most marked feature of Dr. Newman's work, renders the narrative less picturesque than it might have been had the author possessed another temperament; and it must be said that the emphasis laid by the Baptists themselves on a few principles, thus narrowing while intensifying their denominational life, and the comparative rareness among them of theological innovators, or of controversies of novel doctrinal significance, make their history less fruitful in striking incidents than that of some of their sister communions.

Dr. Newman begins his work with a brief enumeration of Baptist principles, declaring them to be: "the absolute supremacy of the canonical Scriptures," believers' baptism, with a positive rejection of the application of the rite to infants, "regenerate membership," "liberty of conscience," and "insistence on immersion." The writer then rapidly sketches the rise of the Baptist movement, holding that the first traces of mediæval Baptist beliefs are to be found in the twelfth century in the teachings of Peter de Bruys, Henry of Lausanne, and probably of Arnold of Brescia. A similar rejection of infant baptism appeared among a portion of the Waldenses and of the Bohemian Brethren before the Reformation; so that Dr. Newman concludes that "the Anabaptist movement of the sixteenth century had its roots in the evangelical parties of the middle ages, to which it owed its modes of thought, its type of Christian life, and its methods of work." This matter has been treated at much greater length by Dr. Newman in an essay published by the American Society of Church History, and in this connection of the Anabaptists of the Reformation period with the mediæval anti-churchly parties Dr. Newman has the support of a number of students, notably of Ludwig Keller; but the relationship would be denied by many scholars, even historians of his own religious fellowship like Dr. H. S. Burrage. But from the Anabaptist manifestations of the Zwickau prophets and the Zürich radicals Dr. Newman is on more certain ground as he sketches the story of Baptist development in the German cities, describes the fanatic tragedy at Münster, pictures the establishment of the more peaceful Mennonites in Holland, and traces the rapid changes of belief which transformed the English Separatist leader John Smyth and his exiled Gainsborough flock into Baptists through the self-baptism of Smyth at Amsterdam in 1609—a step which led, in 1611 or 1612, to the establishment of the first Baptist church on English soil by Smyth's sometime associates, Helwys and Murton.

Probably the most striking feature of this introduction, at least to the general reader, is Dr. Newman's clear recognition that the principle of liberty of conscience was advocated among the Anabaptists by no less early a representative than Balthasar Hübmaier, who met his death at the stake in 1528, that this doctrine was emphasized by Smyth and Helwys, and that it was set forth by the London congregation which Helwys founded "with a fulness and persuasiveness not greatly surpassed even by Roger Williams, and to which Williams himself seems to have been greatly indebted." The facts here recounted are not new, but they need repetition if a common error is ever to be corrected.

Another matter of interest is Dr. Newman's cordial admission that though immersion was employed by a fraction of the Anabaptists, "the common practice among the Swiss, Austrian, Moravian, and Dutch parties was affusion." Affusion may also confidently be asserted to have been the method used by Smyth and the early English Baptists, so that the writer concludes that when, about March, 1639, Roger Williams and Ezekiel Holliman baptized each other and organized the first American Baptist church at Providence, "the introduction of immersion by Williams was three years in advance of its introduction among the Baptists of England." Yet possibly Dr. Newman claims too early a beginning for immersion in America, since some scholars in Baptist history believe that even Williams was baptized by sprinkling, and that immersion was introduced after Williams's return from England in 1644, probably by Mark Lukar, who certainly became in 1641 one of the first recipients of the rite in England and who was long ruling elder of the Newport church.

The greater portion of Dr. Newman's volume is devoted to the story of American Baptist development from Williams to the present day. Here the general reader will probably turn first of all to the author's treatment of that most variously estimated man, Roger Williams himself, and will find therein an admirable illustration of Dr. Newman's judicial temper. The writer is sincerely an admirer of Williams, but he is fair enough to Williams's opponents to say that,

"if we bear in mind the [Massachusetts] court's freedom from conscientious scruples as to the employment of force in matters of religion, and the pertinacity with which Williams advocated views regarded as unsettling and dangerous, we can scarcely fail to admire the forbearance of this body."

Dr. Newman says with truth that, "as a founder of a State no less than as an advocate of a great principle, Roger Williams deserves the gratitude and respect of all lovers of religious and civil liberty"; yet he is of the opinion that

"The immediate and probably the most influential causes of Williams's banishment were his defiant attitude towards the Court and the leading churches of the colony in accepting the pastorate of the Salem church against their earnest and oft-repeated protest, and the proceedings of the Salem church and colony under his direction with reference to a certain piece of land."

A similar carefulness of critical estimate is shown by Dr. Newman in his appreciative sketch of John Clarke of Newport, whom he would regard, rather than Williams, as "the most important American Baptist of the century in which he lived"—a judgment for which Williams's early renunciation of external Baptist fellowship, as well as Clarke's nearly equal desert as an advocate of liberty of conscience, gives a basis. With Clarke and Williams as the foremost American Baptists of their century, Dr. Newman places President Henry Dunster of Harvard, whose pathetic story he tells with considerable fulness of detail.

Dr. Newman's two chapters on the struggles for exemption from hostile legislation in New England and Virginia are of decided interest, for the Baptists were largely instrumental in the overthrow of the union of Church and State characteristic of so many of the colonies, and which survived the formation of the United States well into the present century in New England at least. It could be wished, however, that in treating that important movement in New England the writer had not confined himself so exclusively to the story of Massachusetts, and had not dismissed the contemporary agitation in Connecticut with half a page of vague general statement.

Dr. Newman shows how the desires of the Philadelphia Baptist Association, stimulated by Morgan Edwards as early as 1762 and heartily seconded by citizens of Rhode Island, led to the incorporation in 1764 of what was to become Brown University, and the attainment of its first commencement in 1769. But the writer is no less candid in his assertion that, outside of the limited range of the influences which had led to the establishment of the Rhode Island seat of learning, it was true at the beginning of the present century that "the mass of the Baptists were indifferent or hostile to ministerial education," and filled with a "strong prejudice against ministerial salaries." This was especially the case in the South, where, even more than elsewhere, "the large amount of illiteracy in the ministry, and the widespread satisfaction with an illiterate ministry, furnished an obstacle of

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the most serious nature to the onward and upward movement that has characterized the recent history of the denomination." This state of affairs was largely altered by the educational and missionary impulses that went out in the second decade of this century from Judson and Rice, so that the Baptist communions, as a whole, have long since taken a different attitude; but Dr. Newman gives an amusing, though in some respects a pathetic, account of the struggle, from 1820 onward, of the more illiterate Baptist parties, especially in Georgia, Alabama, and Tennessee, against the introduction of missions, ministerial education, Sunday-schools, Bible societies, and other "human institutions." This opposition still exists. While on the whole the party of education and progress has gained the upper hand in all the larger subdivisions of the American Baptists, the separation of the Baptist churches of North and South, brought about in 1845 by the question of slavery, has given free play to these elevating forces in the churches of the North.

Dr. Newman's last chapters are the least satisfactory—probably they were written more hurriedly than the earlier portion of his volume; but his work as a whole is a summary of the history of a body of churches which now number at least three and three-quarter millions of communicants in the United States, and which, during the last century, have increased "nearly four times as fast as the population."

Memoir of Sir Andrew Crombie Ramsey. By Sir Archibald Geikie, F.R.S., Director-General of the Geological Survey of Great Britain and Ireland. With portraits. 8vo, pp., viii., 397. Macmillan & Co. 1895.

In no other country is the biographic duty so well recognized or the work of monumenting the worthies so well done as in Great Britain. This Life of Prof. Ramsey introduces the reader to one of the most characteristic men of the admirable lowland Scotch folk. It may be commended to those who are interested in the qualities of peoples, as an exhibition of the conditions and traits which have given the southern Scots their place in the world. Ramsey came of a family of dyers, which for generations pursued that calling in the little town of Haddington. His father found a larger field in Glasgow. In his trade he became noteworthy as a practical chemist, his inventions attracting the attention of such men as Liebig. He left to his son no more than a good name and a distinct aptitude for inquiries in the field of nature. From his mother, Ramsey appears to have inherited the merry humor which so illuminated his nature as to make him one of the most attractive of men.

The poverty of his household after the death of his father cut short his education, so that he did not advance beyond the grammar-school. He became an office-boy and then a partner in a small firm which dealt in cloth. These commercial ventures resulted in complete failures and grievous disappointment, so that at the age of twenty-eight Ramsey was without property or occupation and with a sorry record behind him. Although he had been unsuccessful in his main endeavors, he had a thread of interest and accomplishment which was to lead him out of the darkness. While office-boy and merchant he had the good fortune to make friends among the officers and students of Glasgow University. From these (and they included such men as Prof. Nichol and Lyon Playfair) he, with his ready wit, gained some of the advantages of the University culture, though his poverty deprived him of free access to its resources. To Playfair, then a student and a boarder in his mother's house, Ramsey owed an introduction to Charles Lyell. This master, already famous, led the young man to study the geology of the island of Arran, and so well did he accomplish his task that, on the presentation of his work to the British Association at Glasgow, in 1840, he won recognition from the leaders of the science, and speedily found his way into the service of the Geological Survey of England. This neat turn of his previously unhappy fortunes opened to him a path which he trod firmly, skilfully, and with his merry humor in all its many trials, until he became the head of the greatest scientific establishment of his country, which, at the time of his death, included in its field of labor Ireland and Scotland as well as England.

In his narrative of Ramsey's life as a geologist, Sir Archibald shows the admirable literary talent which characterizes his other works. So far as may be, he leaves the story to be told by letters and extracts from journals; with this he weaves an account of Ramsey's fellow-workers, so that we see the man in his contacts with those who shaped his courses and who in turn were in large measure formed by his influence. With this intention the biographer gives the portraits and somewhat extended sketches of a dozen of the officers of the Survey, and for each of the fifty or more of the other persons mentioned there is a foot-note statement. The incidental description of Sir Henry T. de la Beche, the founder of the Survey, is by far the most lifelike account of the character of that interesting man which has ever been presented.

Although the details of Ramsey's life, engaged as he was altogether in geology, may at first sight seem to have value only to those who are interested in that science, the general reader will find the whole story worth his reading. The quality of the man lifts him well above the professional level into the plane where labor makes for the larger life. In this quality which keeps employment from cramping development, he was a true Scotsman; for more than any other people these lowland folk have acquired the art of combining culture and toil. With Ramsey, as with many other of his countrymen, his enlargement seems to have been due in great measure to his considerable share of the poetic faculty. His versifying power is well shown by the rhymes which he unendingly poured forth, and some of which are reproduced in this volume. Although the most of these are no better than amusing doggerel, there is now and then a stanza which rises to a higher level, showing that the man had a singing spirit. Those who know something of the inner life of the Government scientific corps of Great Britain and this country must have remarked the fact that while the men of the mother country are very tuneful, our own are generally cut off from that resource.

This Life of Ramsey will have especial interest for those who may desire to trace the history of the greatest and most successful scientific establishment in England, and to compare it with the conditions of growth of the corresponding corps in this country. The differences are very striking. The director and other officers of the British Survey, although they are dependent on the votes of Parliament quite as much as the officers of our national Survey depend with us on Congress, appear to be in nowise concerned with the business of legislation. The only reference to Parliament in the index concerns a commission to examine into the matter of building-stones to be used in the new Houses. An equally detailed biography of any director of an American geological survey, State or national, would be filled with references to his unending labors to keep his work from the destructive assaults of legislators.

The best thing that can be said of a biographer is that he has succeeded in so setting forth the character of the man of whom he writes that those who knew his hero find him once again as a living presence before them. Judged by this test, Geikie has certainly done an excellent piece of work. He has perhaps missed the amiable ferocity of speech with which Ramsey was wont to assail his best friends when he disagreed with them—a feature which was apt to make a wrong impression even on those who knew him well, though it was only a mask of the sympathetic nature of this admirable man.

The Arthurian Epic: A Comparative Study of the Cambrian, Breton, and Anglo-Norman Versions of the Story and Tennyson's Idylls of the King. By S. Humphreys Gurteen, M.A., LL.B., Graduate of the University of Cambridge. Putnams.

To characterize so incompetent a book as Mr. Gurteen's 'Arthurian Epic' without appearing to be intemperate in language is a difficult matter. The author's objects are to trace the history of the Arthurian cycle, to demonstrate its essentially religious character, and to examine the 'Idylls of the King' in the light of this demonstration. This serious problem he assails not only without being equipped for the contest, but even without knowing how or where such an equipment is obtainable. The last dozen years have been uncommonly productive of important studies in the "matter of Britain." Of these Mr. Gurteen has apparently never heard. He knows nothing of Rhys, or Förster, or Zimmer, or Gaston Paris. Though he acknowledges obligations to the *Dublin University Magazine*, the *Saturday Review*, the *Englishman's Magazine*, and the *Athenæum*, he nowhere mentions the *Romania* or Gröber's *Zeitschrift*. Sommer's Malory is *terra incognita* to him. Nutt's Grail investigations and their critics have alike escaped his explorations. And these are but instances of what he does not know.

Only an unreasonable critic could expect an author so ill furnished as this to discuss his subject intelligently. Still, we are a little surprised to hear that "it is to the *clergy* of the Anglican Church that we are indebted for nearly all that is of lasting merit" in the Arthur romances. Walter Map, of course, is Mr. Gurteen's mainstay. It was Map, he assures us—Map, "the poet-priest" and "Anglo-Norman *trouvère*"—who "made of detached and fragmentary tales a grand epic cyclus. He it doubtless was who wrote the Latin originals of *Le Roman du Saint Graal* and *Le Roman de Merlin*. It is unquestionable that he was the author of *La Queste del Saint Graal*, *Le Roman de Lancelot du Lac*, and *Le Roman de la Mort Artus*. . . . It is to him we are indebted for the creation of that ideally pure knight, Sir Galahad; in a word, for nearly all that is beautiful, chaste, and imperishable in these romances." To all of which we can only reply with Dominie Sampson's "Prodigious!" Not content with these prodigies, however, Mr. Gurteen presents to his readers Robert de Borron, the Franc-Comtois poet, as a "trouvère" who translated from Walter's Latin

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into Anglo-Norman prose. Other "Norman trouvères," contemporary with Walter Map, are Hélie de Borron and Luces de Gast, "authors," Mr. Gurteen tells us, "of the first and second parts, respectively, of *Le Roman de Tristan*." Luces, we are gratified to learn, had a castle near Salisbury. It is also interesting to know that the enormous prose Tristan was "introduced into the series in order to give completeness and symmetry to the epic," and that "it is simply an episode, and in no sense essential to the unity of the narrative."

One of Mr. Gurteen's most trusted authorities is the Vicomte de la Villemarqué. We had supposed that by this time Villemarqué's fabrications were pretty well known in their true character, and that nobody, except perhaps a young student, was in danger of being taken in by his 'Chantes Populaires de la Bretagne.' But we were mistaken. Mr. Gurteen has never heard of Luzel. To him Villemarqué's Breton ballads are precious documents; for him the Vicomte's works "throw all the light that we shall need on the Armorican phase of this famous cyclus." We would fain believe that it is by a misprint that he describes Villemarqué as "a native of *Breton*." But it is not by a misprint that he praises Lady Guest's 'Mabinogion' for its fidelity (Loth's work is of course unknown to him). Nor is it by a misprint that he translates the word Mabinogion by "stories," and ascribes the MS. of this collection to the tenth century (p. 347) and the eleventh (p. 346) instead of to the fourteenth. Other waifs and strays of erudition not chargeable to the type-setter are the citation of *trouvère* as a Norman-French form; the derivation of Anglo-Saxon *scōp* (read *scŏp*) from *scapan;* and the entertaining remark that "*jongleur* is the *prattler*," from "Old French *jongler*, 'to prattle.'" These three notes may all be found at p. 401. *Häide* (p. 31) is simply an ugly misprint for *Haidée*.

By this time our readers will be curious to know what the author has to say of Crestien de Troies, to whom some influence is usually ascribed in the development of the Arthurian cycle. He treats him cavalierly enough, but what he does say is sufficiently remarkable. "While Archdeacon Walter Map was at work on the Arthurian romance in his study at Oxford . . . *le bon père Chrétien* was busy in his cell at Troyes in Brittany, writing the tale of Erec . . . and thus gathering up the crumbs which the plethoric Normans were allowing to fall to the ground." That Mr. Gurteen does not know the date of Map's elevation to the archdeaconship—1197, some thirty years after Crestien's 'Erec' was finished—need not surprise us. As to Troyes, we have always believed it to be in Champagne; but if Mr. Gurteen can prove that it is in Brittany, his discovery will help to settle a number of disputes.

In English literary and linguistic history Mr. Gurteen is scarcely a safer guide than in French and in Celtic. He tells us that "the rough, powerful Saxon . . . broke, volcanic-like, through the crust of French in Layamon, and then disappeared." This is not quite intelligible. Still less clear are the vague utterances that follow concerning a crisis in the relations of the English and French tongues in Great Britain and the triumph of English marked by Malory's translation of the 'Morte Darthur.' So far as we are able to understand these utterances, they are quite wrong. More amusing is a blunder at p. 405, where the author quotes four verses as from "an old poem relating to the death of Turpin." The verses are really from the 'Faerie Queene,' being, in fact, a part of Spenser's account of how Sir Turpine was "baffled."

We have given this futile book more space than it deserves, for we fear that its attractive appearance and the auspices under which it comes out may lead the unwary to consult it trustingly. The best thing the author and the publishers can do with it is to call it in and cancel the whole impression.

The Evolution of Whist. By William Pole, F.R.S. Longmans, Green & Co. 1895.

DR. POLE'S volume will interest persons whom he describes as "*earnest students of whist*," and will amuse those players for whom other departments of human activity are not all of quite secondary importance. It is divided, like a universal history, into parts, each devoted to an "era," and each subdivided into chapters. There is the primitive, or prehistoric, era, going back into the night of cards, and known to us only by inference; there is the era of Hoyle, when whist was little more than a pastime, but when, owing to players doing their thinking at the table, it might be called an intellectual pastime; there is the "philosophical era," for which Cavendish and the "little school" had done the best part of the thinking once for all; and lastly there is the era of "*modern developments*," when whist-playing, now reduced to the strict observance of rules that hedge in the play of every card, and justly become the favorite of young ladies and of young men of the correctest form, is as refined as old amontillado, and as dry—and scoffers say, as like to dish-water.

The American Whist League consisted a year ago of 14,000 persons; and they play so well that the immortal Cavendish "has repeatedly declared that the American players possess a general quality of excellence which it has been the habit to attribute only to exceptional persons like Deschapelles, appearing once in an age." When we read this, we wonder whether the next "era" will not see whist brought to something like the ultra-perfection of tit-tat-too. At any rate, it is evident that the existence of 14,000 Deschapelles in this country cannot be due to Americans being 14,000 times as bright as Europeans. It must be, and certainly is, due to the fact that the system of signalling, as well as the known theory of play, has now been so perfected that the successful practice of whist no longer calls for anything like the same high order of intellect—to say nothing of weight of character—that it used to call for forty years ago. Much is made of the extreme difficulty of going through all the mental operations which a hand of whist now demands; and no doubt a certain aptitude is requisite. But it cannot be more difficult than to learn to use a foreign language with fluency, elegance, and accuracy; otherwise, so many persons would not have attained such excellence, and the difficulty seems to be quite similar to that of acquiring a language.

Whist was in 1734 described as a tavern game; but when Hoyle's treatise was published in 1742, it was played in society. On December 2 of that year Horace Walpole (Dr. Pole overlooks this record) writes: "The town is wondrous dull; operas unfrequented, plays not in fashion, amours as old as marriages—in short, nothing but whist! I have not yet learned to play, but I find that I wait in vain for its being left off." When did modern whist begin? Dr. Pole seems to date it from 1843, when the Chevalier von Cöckelbergle-Dützele published a treatise in which he insists upon the union of partners by means of the *Kartensprache*. But the Blue Peter, from which the present game has been developed, was introduced into the Portland Club by Lord Henry Bentinck only between 1851 and 1858. Clay and others, who would probably know, avoid saying that that nobleman *invented* the signal; and its name seems rather to suggest that it was borrowed from the play of the forecastle, in which case it was probably a recrudescence from the ignoble infancy of the game. We are told that its introducer afterwards expressed bitter regret for his act, because it had brought highly successful whist to the level of mean capacities. Clay, too, spoke of its effect in a tone of disparagement. Certainly, whatever justice there may have been in these laments would belong with hundredfold force to disapproval of the American game. Dr. Pole is very judicial in his remarks upon the matter, and feels that there is much to be said on both sides. He admires the new method, but dreads its possible consequences.

The volume (which is provided with an excellent index) is decidedly entertaining, and all the more so because of its intense seriousness.

Chronicles of Border Warfare in Western Virginia. By A. S. Withers. Edited by Reuben E. Thwaites. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke Co. 1895.

THIS new edition is a very valuable publication. Withers, an eastern Virginian of liberal education, removed in 1827 to the western part of the State, settling in Harrison County, separated by only two others from the Ohio River. It was but thirty-three years since the border warfare there had come to a perpetual end through Gen. Wayne's treaty of Greenville in 1795. All early settlers of middle age could tell him about the closing years of that internecine conflict, in which most of them had had a share, and the nonagenarian first-comers could remember its beginning. The first stories he heard made Mr. Withers crave more, and he soon felt that the details he learned were worthy of the arts preservative, first of writing and then of printing. Accordingly his volume of 318 pages was published in 1831. Every copy had been subscribed for beforehand by those who in person or through kindred had been actors in the long tragedy. The volumes transmitted to their descendants are no doubt still treasured as heirlooms and priceless memorials of ancestral prowess. Hence the work long ago became hard to purchase even at a fabulous price. A new edition was often talked of, but was strangely and fortunately delayed till it fell into the hands best fitted for the work. Mr. Thwaites, the editor, already favorably known by several volumes on our early history, as Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin was familiar in its archives with the best collection extant of manuscripts throwing side-lights on all the main incidents from first to last of which Mr. Withers had written. The local habitations also of Mr. Withers's chronicles cannot have been so well known to himself from personal observation as they are to Mr. Thwaites, who last year surveyed them, not from Pullman cars or steamboats, but while paddling his own canoe from the upper waters of the Ohio to its mouth. He sometimes interviewed children of those makers of border history who sixty years before had spoken in the ears of Withers, their early chronicler.

The result is such a resurrection of what may be called the Magna Charta of West Virginia that nobody but a bibliomaniac will henceforth care to own the original. The main

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facts as detailed in the original are confirmed, except when ascertainable only from documents beyond the author's reach. They bear witness to his painstaking and accuracy. At the same time the instances in which Mr. Thwaites has occasion for correcting, completing, or illustrating some statement are well-nigh as numerous as the pages. Seldom indeed can a caviller, though a Momus, correct the corrector. We notice, however, that according to his reckoning, September, 1782, was *seven* years after September, 1777, which was popularly called the year of three sevens (p. 224). Again, giving the etymology of the pedagogical hash Losantiville, he says that "*os* is Greek for mouth, and *anti* Latin for opposite."

The period which Withers chose for his theme—1764–1795, a thirty years' war—was the true winning of the West. In its first years Indian forays extended to the Susquehanna. After its close they were scarcely known eastward of the Territory of Indiana. Never within so short a time have so large aboriginal armies been gathered, and never have they defeated the whites in three such campaigns as those of Crawford, Harmar, and St. Clair. These operations on a grand scale are not neglected by Mr. Withers, but he is most at home in guerrilla conflicts, in fireside fights, in the scalping or captivity of single families, the burning of their houses and harvests, and the Amazonian heroism of women. No single one of these massacres could decide the result of a campaign, but their number was multitudinous, and they left no corner of the land untouched. Hence, so long as they lasted, thanks to their cumulative influence, the savages continued exultant and triumphant. It was carrying the war into Africa which confined them at home.

We cannot read many pages in Withers without feeling that we have supped full of horrors. It was not in Border nature to make war on savages except savagely—yes, with scalping and treachery. However low in baseness either party sank, the other in that lowest deep opened another yet lower. Each in turn was worst. A boy who had been delighted with 'Robinson Crusoe' burst into tears when he learned that it was not true. Every reader of 'Border Warfare' will weep all the more as he marks how small a fraction Mr. Thwaites's higher criticism is able to abate from its truth. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." The spirit thus engendered and intensified is not yet dead in that Border. It has just now cropped out, infernal as ever, in the Gordon-Brown butchery at Louisville.

In regard to the style of Mr. Withers, critics would find little fault had he been content with a plain tale of truth. We wish that, like modern interviewers, he had set down the very speech of the plain, blunt story-tellers, who spoke right on, and never for a tricksy word defied the matter. In that case we should not read that a man's body was perforated by balls (p. 57), nor of his inhumation and comminations (p. 116), nor of his inhaling the vital fluid (p. 128); perhaps not of his wife and children as partner of his bosom and pledges of their affection (p. 217).

The Historical Geography of the Holy Land, especially in relation to the History of Israel and of the Early Church. By George Adam Smith, D.D. With six maps. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1894. 8vo, pp. xxv, 692.

To students of the Bible this is an almost indispensable book. It is true that the relation of the geography to the history of Syria and the effects of its varied scenery and climate upon the Hebrew literature have been pointed out by many writers, preëminently by Dean Stanley in his 'Sinai and Palestine.' This has been only incidentally, however, while Dr. Smith has made it the main object of his work. He has also the immense advantage over those who have preceded him of writing in the light of the latest archæological discoveries and the results of recent Biblical criticism, yet cautiously withal: he fully accepts the methods of the "higher" critics and some of their conclusions, but contests others. Many problems he leaves to be solved by further investigations, or, as he happily expresses it in reference to the need of the exploration of the ruins covering the land, "we have run most of the questions to earth: it only remains to dig them up." Though the volume has little resemblance to the ordinary traveller's accounts, it is more than a mere text-book of geography. Occasionally scenes or historical events are regarded from the highest spiritual point of view, and at times in the driest descriptions of physical features there are passages of rare beauty, full of the spirit of the Hebrew poetry.

In the first of the three parts into which the book is divided, there is a general description of the land, its peculiar position as the "bridge" between the great empires of Egypt and Assyria, its shape and varieties of surface and climate, together with the influence which these have had upon its history, literature, and religion. An interesting, though necessarily somewhat vague, chapter contains the general conclusions which the author has reached. Historical geography, he frankly confesses, bears no further testimony to the authenticity or credibility of the Biblical narratives than that there is in them no geographical impossibility. But on the other hand its witness is "high and clear" to the story of the origin and development of the religion of Israel, to the appearance of monotheism, and to the question of the supernatural.

Dr. Smith takes up the land in detail in the second and third parts, beginning with the coast and maritime plain, and closing with an account of the oasis of Damascus. Only the principal features and historical events are described, though there is occasionally a fuller treatment of some special subject, as for instance the position of the well of Sychar, important from the part which it has played in the discussion of the authenticity of St. John's Gospel. But there is no account of the topography or history of Jerusalem, nor of the geography of Lebanon or Phœnicia. The most interesting chapters are those relating to Galilee and the Trans-Jordanic plains. In them is brought vividly before the mind the thronging and varied life of these regions in the early Christian centuries. Nor are the plains now so desolate as we are wont to imagine. Writing of the Hauran, Dr. Smith says: "It is a land of harvests, and, if you traverse it in summer, fills you with the wonder of its wealth." Along the great roads the bells of the camel caravans never cease the night through.

Dr. Smith's descriptions are, as a rule, singularly clear, and he is vague and somewhat hard to follow only when he is striving to express some spiritual thought. Few writers, for instance, have given a better account of the change of scenery and climate in crossing Judea:

"With its palms and shadoofs the Philistine Plain might be a part of the Egyptian Delta; but on the hills of the Shephelah which overlook it, you are in the scenery of southern Europe; the Judæan moors which overlook them are like the barer uplands of central Germany, the shepherds wear sheepskin cloaks and live under stone roofs—sometimes the snow lies deep: a few miles farther east, and you are down on the desert among the Bedouin, with their tents of hair, and their cotton clothing; a few miles farther still, and you drop to torrid heat in the Jordan valley; a few miles beyond that, and you rise to the plateau of the Belkâ, where the Arabs say 'the cold is always at home.' Yet from Philistia to the Belkâ is scarcely seventy miles."

For pithiness, this concerning Jericho may be selected:

"She has been called 'the key' and 'the guard-house' of Judea; she was only the pantry. She never stood a siege, and her inhabitants were always running away."

There are several appendices which, with the numerous notes, form a very full *apparatus criticus*, and two indexes; but we miss, what would have been of great value, a list of Biblical passages referred to. The maps are models of beauty, though the spelling of the names does not always agree with that of the text.

Corrected Impressions: Essays on Victorian Writers. By George Saintsbury. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1895.

A DIVERTING little book is Mr. George Saintsbury's 'Corrected Impressions'—almost as good light reading as a clever novel. The papers it contains are of unequal merit, of course; the style, being Mr. Saintsbury's own, is now roughshod, now slipshod; the criticism is seldom very delicate, and makes few discoveries; the habitual self-confidence of the author never deviates into modesty; but all this does not make the book less entertaining. There are sombre patches of dulness, but not many of them. One is in the solemn essay on Mr. William Morris, in whom Mr. Saintsbury sees no faults worth mentioning, and whom he characterizes as the only English *trouvère* since Chaucer. We are used to the serious air of a Morris-worshipper at his devotions, and should think it indecorous, at such a moment, to ask for a definition of *trouvère* or a bill of particulars as to the resemblances between Chaucer and Mr. Morris. Besides, one must not take these papers too seriously. They are the chips and shavings of a professional critic's workbench. Their intent, in the first instance, was to fill so many sheets of copy for two respectable journals, one in India and one in New York. Incidentally, they were meant to picture the changes which years have wrought in the writer's impressions of "Victorian authors." For Mr. Saintsbury rightly divined that such changes in the mind of a veteran critic—even if he were not a critic of the very first rate—would interest most readers.

There is a portrait, too, perhaps to serve as ocular proof that the author is old enough to have changed his mind, perhaps merely to emphasize or justify the frankly egotistical manner of the essays. However meant, the portrait is welcome. Nor is the egotism offensive. Even when the writer informs us, with much gravity, that he is superior to mere literary fashions, we accept the amusing confession with equal gravity, remembering that it is hard to be a modest Boswell to one's own impressions. Less pardonable are some pages of commonplace, until we remember the exigencies of periodical publication.

In calling the volume by name no one should emphasize the word "Corrected." Mr.

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Saintsbury has been pretty faithful to his early loves. Perhaps he has changed less than he imagines. Once he makes a comical *saltus:* he has modified his views so often, he argues, that, when he has not modified them, they have an excellent chance of being eternal truths. This is not an excessively shrewd remark, no doubt, but elsewhere there is abundant shrewdness in the book and much good sense and some humor. Above all, it is diverting, and that is a great merit.

Our Town and Some of Its People: Sketches of Fife Folk. By John Menzies. London: T. Fisher Unwin; New York: Putnams.

DIALECT literature obeys the laws of trade like all other commodities of the human brain and hand; and therefore, when once a profitable market has been made, the supply ere long exceeds the demand, and the quality of the article deteriorates. Barrie recreated public taste for certain extreme types of Scotch religious life, but both he and his imitators seem to have exhausted the supply of original characters. 'Our Town' describes, and does it well, the commonplace people of a Fifeshire town a generation ago, before the hamlet was brought within the vortex of the world o' life by the railroad, and machinery had supplanted the hand loom. The picture is not less real because the men and women are not all characters and the incidents narrated of their everyday life are not startling. It may be true that the simplest life contains elements worth telling, but what are worth telling are those hidden springs of action which, if they were recorded in the case of the simplest, might help us to unravel the complex tissue of motives whence originate the actions of the more exalted or more depraved lives. But this unveiling of the inner life is just what simple folk cannot do themselves, and which no one can do for them; and therefore the record of their daily deeds and misdeeds is neither very instructive nor very exhilarating. But it is less dull when expressed in the Scottish tongue or Irish brogue than when the conversations and the actions are told in English vernacular. Humorous and witty turns of thought, native to the people in their own homes and which seem to be lost with the loss of their speech when they emigrate, undoubtedly give a zest to the most ordinary story told in Lowland Scotch or Irish dialect. "Pawkey Dawvit" was not wrong when he lamented over the advent of the railroad, because, as he said:

"Trains will come and gang, and folk will gang and come in them. Ae place will grow to be like ony ither place. There will be nae preevacy and nae indiveeduality. We'll just come to be a bit o' Edinbro' as Edinbro' is a bit o' Lunnon. You're prood o' your new station wi' its braw slate roof, and Tammie Adam the station-master's fine flooers i' the simmer, an' your gran' railway brig an' high embankment. Amon' them, they'll end Our Toon. Ye can ca' it Their Toon, Onybody's Toon as sune 's ye like."

Railroads, steamboats, the elimination of distance, and the compounding and confounding of peoples, as explained by Pawky Dawvit's philosophy, probably do account for the fact that the Scotch of America are not as humorous, or the Irish as witty, as in their old homes.

Studies in American Education. By Albert Bushnell Hart. Longmans, Green & Co.

THAT a small volume of miscellaneous studies in the national system of education includes an article on the status of athletics in colleges, and gravely lays down as one of three principles for their regulation that they shall be "subordinate to study," is a fact that bears its irony on its face. Of the remaining five articles, "How to Study History" meets such elementary conceptions of the subject that a single appearance (in a number of the *Chautauquan*) might have sufficed for its circulation. "How to Teach History in Secondary Schools," besides insisting forcibly upon the necessity for school libraries, with books of reference "convenient and accessible every day and all day," explains what, at the date of its writing in 1887, were the less understood differences between text-book and topical methods, as well as between historical courses arranged by chronological succession and by the German method of working from within outward, from known conditions to unknown. There are, no doubt, still many sections in which these points need to be made clear. Nevertheless, the study of history has advanced by leaps in the past decade, and methods now actively employed in some of the most advanced schools, for preparing pupils for their own future share in its making, are hardly hinted at here.

The substance of the volume is to be found in the three other essays. One of these sets forth what is feasible to colleges in the way of better instruction for teachers already engaged in their work, and describes at length courses instituted to this end by the writer's own university, Harvard. A cardinal difference between such courses and the familiar "Teachers' Institute" is that the former aim "to get a return in work and thought from the teachers themselves," whereas the function of the latter is to stimulate and suggest, not to supply practice. Thus the Harvard course in English is described as including themes with correction by a reader, while the courses in science have invariably included laboratory work. "Has the Teacher a Profession?" contains a plea, backed by every consideration of common sense, not only for the teacher's previous training, but for his standing as a public servant and an employee of Government. His position, in the latter capacity, is likened to that of a letter-carrier, who is hired, "not retained like lawyers." Freedom from annoying interference in details, "an opportunity to think, to suggest, and to criticise, without our heads rolling off," are two among a number of reasonable requests in behalf of teachers which ought properly to come in the form of demands.

"Reform in the Grammar Schools" is practically an account of the excellent work done by the Cambridge School Board in accomplishing the apparently contradictory ends of shortening the stereotyped course of six years to five or, at need, to four years for bright pupils in "quick-moving" grades, and, at the same time, of enriching the curriculum by the addition of English literature, geometry, physical geography "from a new standpoint," and physics. That these ends could not have been accomplished without the disinterested expenditure of time and ingenuity on the part of School Board and superintendent on the one hand, and the coöperation of Harvard in instructing teachers on the other, need hardly be remarked. Apart from what the articles describing both movements may teach the specialist, they are well adapted to impress on the general reader the facts that the management of grammar schools is an important subject, that it is an interesting subject, and that it is a subject in regard to which it is worth while to take pains to be on the side of enlightenment and progress.

Family Records and Events, compiled principally from the original manuscripts in the Rutherfurd collection. By Livingston Rutherfurd. New York. Printed at the De Vinne Press. 1894. Tall 8vo, pp. 344.

THE title-page of this book disarms criticism. As a family record it very properly contains matters of great interest to the family, but of slight value to others. For example, the first eighty-three pages are devoted to the Alexanders, because the first of the American Rutherfurds married a sister of William Alexander, the claimant of the dormant Scotch earldom of Stirling. This peerage was conferred by Charles I. on a favorite courtier, Sir William Alexander, whose last descendant in the male line died in 1739. The title has been noteworthy mainly for two reasons—first, because of Alexander's connection with Nova Scotia and the creation of baronets of Nova Scotia; and, secondly, because of the romantic attempts to revive the earldom. Scotch peerages differ from English ones by the remarkable provisions contained in many of the former in favor of remote heirs. Thus, it is generally understood that, on the decease of the last earl in the direct line, the title might devolve upon the nearest heir in the male line of the name. It is also agreed that the heir male of the grandfather of the first earl was William Alexander of New York, whose father, James, came to New York in 1715, married here and died here. This William was usually called Earl of Stirling, and was one of Washington's most faithful generals. He left two daughters only, Mrs. Watts and Mrs. Duer, both with numerous issue, and the peerage claim thereby ceased in this line. Some forty years ago a claimant appeared in Scotland, who pretended a surrender and reissue of the first patent, whereby heirs female were admitted. The case was famous from the remarkable chain of forged evidence presented, though the claimant was not proved to have been the concocter thereof. William, titular Lord Stirling, had four sisters, married respectively to Peter V. B. Livingston, John Stevens, Elisha Parker and Walter Rutherfurd, and John Reid.

Walter Rutherfurd was one of the nineteen children of Sir John Rutherfurd, Knt., of Edgerston, the head of the family of the name. Walter entered the army at an early age, and served in America in 1756, being major of the Royal American regiment. In 1758 he married, as above noted, Katherine Alexander, widow of Elisha Parker. Soon afterwards he retired from the army and devoted himself to the care of his vast estates, having had a grant of five thousand acres in Tryon County, N. J., besides his wife's property; and he maintained a strict neutrality during the Revolutionary war.

John Rutherfurd, only son of Walter, was born in 1760, became a lawyer, and in 1790 was elected United States Senator from New Jersey. He was chosen for a second term, but resigned in 1798. He died in 1840, leaving many descendants by sons and daughters, all duly recorded in this volume.

It is almost unnecessary to add that the family has been of the highest distinction socially for the past century. Wealth, culture, activity, and public spirit ennoble a family even in a republic. A pride in such an ancestry, if it lead to an attempt to maintain hereditary virtues, is one of the strongest pillars in our social edifice. The main interest for the general public in this volume is the collection of family letters. No new facts of importance are brought to light, but the reader will find many items which will give him an

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insight into social life a century ago. None of the letters are to be compared with those of Elizabeth Southgate, published in 1888, nor with the charming diary of Anna Green Winslow, reviewed by us last year; but they are pleasant reading. It is to be hoped that documents still remaining in the hands of other noted colonial families will yet be put in print.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Gender in Satin. [Incognito Library.] Putnams. 50 cents.
Association Littéraire et Artistique Internationale: Son Histoire, Ses Travaux. Paris: Bibliothèque Chacornac.
Barker, J. M. Colleges in America. Cleveland: Cleveland Printing and Publishing Co.
Bergeron, Prof. Eugène. Balzac's Eugénie Grandet. Henry Holt & Co. 80 cents.
Bev, Aleph. That Eurasian. F. T. Neely. $1.25.
Blanc, Madame. The Condition of Woman in the United States. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.25.
Bormann, Edwin. Der Anekdotenschatz Bacon-Shakespeare's. Leipzig: The Author.
Bosanquet, Bernard. The Essentials of Logic. Macmillan. $1.
Bridges, Robert. Suppressed Chapters, and Other Bookishness. Scribners. $1.25.
Cargill, J. F. A Freak in Finance. Rand, McNally & Co. 25 cents.
Case, W. S. Forward House: A Romance. Scribners. $1.00.
Church Harmonies, New and Old. Boston: Universalist Publishing House.
Clementson, G. B. The Road Rights and Liabilities of Wheelmen. Chicago: Callaghan & Co. 75 cents.
Corbin, John. The Elizabethan Hamlet. London: Elkin Mathews; New York: Scribners. $1.25.
Cornelison, Isaac A. The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the U. S. Putnams. $2.
Cousins, Rev. W. E. Madagascar of To-day. F. H. Revell Co. $1.
Dana, C. A. The Art of Newspaper-Making. Appletons.
Dean, Mrs. Andrew. The Grasshoppers. F. A. Stokes Co.
Defoe, Daniel. Memoirs of a Cavalier. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.
Del Mar, Alexander. History of Monetary Systems. London: Effingham Wilson.
Dresser, H. W. The Power of Silence. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. $1.50.
Elton, Oliver. An Introduction to Michael Drayton. Manchester, Eng.: Charles E. Simms & Co.
Foster, Prof. M. A Text-Book of Physiology. Revised and abridged from the five-volume edition. Macmillan. $5.
Fothergill, Jessie. Oriole's Daughter. Lovell, Coryell & Co. $1.
Galbraith, Dr. Anna. Hygiene and Physical Culture for Women. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.75.
Gall, John. Royal Handbook of Popular Science. T. Nelson & Sons. 50 cents.
Goodnow, Prof. F. J. Municipal Home Rule. Macmillan. $1.50.
Hart, Prof. J. M. A Handbook of English Composition. Philadelphia: Eldredge & Bro. $1.
Harvard Studies in Classical Philology. Vol. V. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Holdsworth, Annie E. Joanna Traill, Spinster. Cassell. 50 cents.
Huldekoper, Dr. R. S. The Cat. Appletons. $1.
Kenealy, Capt. A. J. Boat Sailing, Fair Weather and Foul. *Outing* Publishing Co. 50 cents.
King Henry VI. Parts I., II., and III. [Temple Shakspere.] London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. Each 45 cents.
Letters of Celia Thaxter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Lois Sociales: Recueil des Textes de la Législation Sociale de la France. Paris: Léon Chailley.
Lombroso, Prof. Cæsar, and Ferrero, William. The Female Offender. Appletons.
Lord, W. S. Blue and Gold. Chicago: *Dial* Press.
Marryat, Florence. The Beautiful Soul. Cassell. 50 cents.
Mathews, F. S. Familiar Flowers of Field and Garden. Illustrated. Appletons. $1.75.
Menzies, Rev. Allan. History of Religion. Scribners. $1.50.
Montrésor, F. F. Into the Highways and Hedges. Appletons.
Mun, Thomas. England's Treasure by Forraign Trade. [Economic Classics.] Macmillan. 75 cents.
Nénot, H.-P. La Nouvelle Sorbonne. Paris: Colin & Cie.
Parker, J. A. Ernest England: A Drama for the Closet. London: Leadenhall Press; New York: Scribners. $3.
Payot, Jules. L'Education de la Démocratie. Paris: A. Colin & Cie.
Philips, F. C. A Question of Color. London: Constable; New York: F. A. Stokes Co.
Pillsbury, J. H. An Elementary Course in Biology. Silver, Burdett & Co.
Pinckney, Rev. C. C. Life of General Thomas Pinckney. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Saltus, Edgar. When Dreams Come True. Transatlantic Publishing Co.
Sanger, Dr. W. M. The History of Prostitution. New York: American Medical Press. $4.
Satolli, Archbishop. Loyalty to Church and State. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. $1.25.
Schroeder, Dr. Aimée R. Health Notes for Young Wives. William Wood & Co.
Selected Essays of James Darmesteter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Sizeranne, Robert de la. La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine. Paris: Hachette.
Southworth, Mrs. The Phantom Wedding. M. J. Ivers & Co. 25 cents.
Stanley, H. M. My Early Travels and Adventures in America and Asia. 2 vols. Scribners. $3.
Thompson, Anna B. The Unity of Fichte's Doctrine of Knowledge. [Radcliffe College Monographs.] Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.
Tolstoy, Count Leo. Master and Man. Appletons. 75 cents.
Underwood, F. H. Doctor Gray's Quest. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $1.75.
Varney, G. J. The Story of Patriots' Day: Lexington and Concord. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 60 cents.
Wells, H. S. The Time Machine: An Invention. Henry Holt & Co. 75 cents.
Winsor, Justin. The Mississippi Basin. 1697—1763. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.

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